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No Case for a Jury

THE government should not be surprised that their Nyasaland White Paper has had a sceptical reception. Its author, Sir Robert Armitage, had an impossible task. It is easy enough to show that African unrest had increased since Dr Banda's return and the Accra conference; that hot words had been spoken; and that Congress leaders planned acts of civil disobedience which would lead to the destruction of property. These facts might excuse stringent counter-measures. But in no circumstances could they justify the killing of 50 Africans and the unrestricted use of firearms by settler territorials. For this, stronger meat was required. Sir Robert was given the unpleasant job of procuring it.

The result is Paragraph 24. This claims that, on 25 January, 140 Congress leaders held a secret meeting which decided, in the event of Dr Banda's arrest, to launch a violent campaign, in which communications would be destroyed, and Europeans, Asians and African 'quislings' murdered. Even on the evidence of the White Paper, this story contains two curious inconsistencies. First, the Governor is forced to admit that Dr Banda did not attend this crucial meeting. Secondly, the acts of violence against property, which the Governor claims were to follow 'ten to twenty-one days' after Dr Banda's arrest, in fact began to occur, as he admits in Paragraph 26, in mid-February, two weeks before Dr Banda's arrest. Evidently, if there was a plan, it was not the one described by the Governor's sources.

But what were these sources? The Governor replies that their disclosure 'would not be in the public interest'. His facts, we must therefore assume, came from African informers. But it is clear from Paragraph 24 that these were not present at the meeting, details of which leaked out only gradually during the next 18 days. The Governor's allegations seem, therefore, to have been built up on rumour and hearsay. He expected, no doubt, that the widespread searches carried out after 3 March would produce documentary 'evidence', which could then have been included in the White Paper. In fact, only one ambiguous fragment was found: a letter from Dr Banda expressing his hope 'to set the whole of Nyasaland on fire'—a figure of speech which is frequently on the lips of politicians, not excluding Tory Cabinet ministers. It is clear, in short, that the Governor possesses no evidence for the 'massacre' admissible in a court of law.

What of the circumstantial evidence? By 25 February, as the Governor states, his forces had lost control of most of northern Nyasaland; it was not re-established for a further ten days. Yet during this period not a single European, Asian, or African 'quisling' was killed. Indeed, throughout the crisis, not one case has been reported of a deliberate African attempt to kill anyone, of whatever race—even in retaliation for murders committed by settler territorials. Nor have firearms been used, though many hundreds are known to be in African hands. On the contrary, in some cases these have been voluntarily handed over to the police—on one occasion at the insistence of Dr Banda himself. If the Congress leaders had the intention of killing, why did they fail to carry it out, while the opportunity existed and while they were still at liberty?

The proof of the 'massacre' thus rests on unsupported allegations. In paragraphs 30 and 36 the Governor makes it clear that he lied when he declared on 2 March that the state of emergency was unnecessary. We are thus plunged into the atmosphere of deceit which has become all too familiar in recent Colonial Office controversies. In several cases involving the Kenya detention camps, colonial officials have not scrupled to misrepresent the facts when faced with parliamentary criticism. Mr Lennox-Boyd himself candidly admitted, on one recent occasion, that his answer to an MP was based on a sheer distortion. The first task for inquiry must therefore be to investigate the truth or falsehood of Paragraph 24 of this document. But the main task must be to examine the political breakdown in Central Africa. This calls for an early parliamentary commission—to which Mr Gaitskell as well as Mr Macmillan would appoint members—and not merely for the judicial inquiry announced this week.

Comments on the Week's News

Summit and Election

'The best meeting we ever had', says Macmillan. 'The two leaders seemed to have agreed on procedure but not on substance', says one of the most responsible correspondents at the Camp David talks. These observations well illustrate the way in which Mr Macmillan's 'flexible' diplomacy is getting mixed up with his election campaign. In all probability, despite some rather grandiose language, he achieved very little concrete on his American visit. No doubt he has succeeded in impressing the President with some of his own views about Mr Krushchev's present 'negotiable' frame of mind; no doubt also, as Robert Bendiner points out on another page, he has been able to convince US policy-makers that, since Mr Krushchev is in supreme command in the USSR, and since the US has effectively no Secretary of State, not very much can be expected from pausing at the staging post of a foreign ministers' meeting on the way to the Summit. But the net result – a Summit meeting later this year – is only something to which the President was already reconciled before Mr Macmillan's visit. There seems to be little or no agreement yet on the attitude the western powers should take when they reach the Summit: indeed, on such issues as the reduction of forces in central Europe and the recognition of East Germany there is wide divergence. During the months between now and the Summit meeting, American opinion may become more flexible: after all it is scarcely worth climbing to the Summit without some intention to bargain on arrival, and bargaining implies a readiness to give as well as take. Mr Macmillan has performed a valuable service in dramatising the necessity to make some rapid progress towards a German settlement (as well as towards a big-power agreement on the Middle East) and in demonstrating to his allies the undeniable shift of emphasis in Soviet diplomacy. The notion, for instance, of regular Summit meetings offers the best chance of turning to practical account Mr Krushchev's apparent willingness to talk business on matters of substance. Neither Mr Macmillan, however, nor his party managers, are helping these genuine and valuable purposes by what is beginning to look like a deliberate attempt to exploit the Summit for electoral purposes.

Over to London

Sir Roy Welensky and his henchman in Northern Rhodesia, John Roberts, have made a desperate effort to secure an overall majority in the Northern Rhodesian election. Their object was to ensure control of the Legislative Council, leading in turn to a majority in the new government. They have failed in the first objective. Their next course is to bring pressure on the Governor into appointing the two nominated members according to their dictation – and thus to secure the majority denied them by the electorate. Whether they succeed in that or not, these tough tactics will be continued in an effort to force the Governor to appoint their nominees as ministers. If the Governor should submit to their pressure and fill the four European and two African portfolios from the United Federal Party, Sir Roy's followers would then have a majority of six to four over the official members of the government. That would put the Northern Rhodesian government into Welensky's pocket, as the federal and Southern Rhodesian governments already are, and thus greatly strengthen his force at the 1960 constitutional conference. The decision is in the hands of the Colonial Office in London. If it instructs the governor to fall in with Sir Roy Welensky's wishes, no shadow of doubt will remain that the British government, in collusion with the white politicians in the Federation, is completely abdicating British responsibility for Central Africa.

Consolidation in Eastern Europe

Mr Gomulka has finally held his party congress in Warsaw. The 'dogmatists' of the Natolin faction, who caused him so much difficulty in the months after October 1956, have been brought into line, either by demotion – some of them have been removed from leading positions in the party – or by assimilation to the new line of 'consolidation'. On the other wing of the party, the 'revisionists' have also been induced to conform or be silent. Though Poland remains the most relaxed of the Communist states, it is now 'reliable' in Krushchev's terms, even to participation in the polemics against Yugoslavia. By a variety of means, from an attempt to raise living standards to pressure on dissident intellectuals, Gomulka has restored stability, though the price has been the loss of vitality so marked after Poland's 'October' and the re-creation of a party organisation designed to secure bureaucratic conformity. This, indeed, is becoming the pattern of eastern Europe after the Soviet 21st Congress, just as the wave of revolt followed the 20th Congress. Economic conditions are improving, the grosser forms of Soviet exploitation and control have been removed, and an effort is being made to make the regimes tolerable if not popular. To this degree, Krushchev has carried the day in the satellites as well as in the USSR. The neo-Stalinists have been induced to go along with cautious reforms, and the revisionists have been slapped down. There remains, however, a good deal of local variation. For example, though Krushchev proclaims that no one is today imprisoned for 'political' reasons in Russia, the new dispensation is not extended to Budapest where, in secret, 25 young people have been put on trial for 'crimes' dating back to 1956.

Faster Fall-out

The statements released by the Congressional Atomic Energy Committee in Washington throw a sinister light on the underworld of nuclear politics. Before the committee decide to publish them – a decision undoubtedly hurried on by pique at the suppression of information about the high-level tests of Project Argus last year – both the Defence Department and the Atomic Energy Commission had held back the evidence from the public which, as the committee said, 'is entitled to have it'. There is, no doubt, much more disquieting material still locked up in secret files; but the disclosure that the fall-out of Strontium 90 is faster and heavier than previously believed is bound to add to public anxiety – despite the 'reassurance' of General Loper that the 'immediate possibility' of any one person being affected is a 500,000 to one chance. This congressional statement underlines a simple point: for all the confidence of the experts, too little is known about radio-activity in the atmosphere for anyone to be sure what is happening. The present rate of Strontium fall-out may not exceed the 'threshold' of danger, but no one knows where the threshold lies. And the fact that it is being washed out of the air so much faster than anticipated, and in such heavy concentration over the United States, suggests that there is equally great ignorance among meteorologists. This evidence is bound to strengthen the demand for a banning of tests; and, though Dr Teller may feel that he has found yet another 'undetectable' method of testing with which to disrupt the Geneva negotiations, the method used in the high-level explosions of Project Argus is not, in fact, undetectable. The Russians were aware, a little after the event, of what had happened, and bursts at this level could be detected at distances of up to 1,500 miles by the control system which was proposed by the scientific conference on nuclear tests.

NEXT WEEK

A Budget Preview

by T. Balogh

'Old Smoothie' Wins

Mr Cahill, the Labour leader in New South Wales, has managed to retain a bare majority in the state elections, holding off a frontal attack by the Liberal-Country Party alliance, and flank assaults from the Democratic Labour Party, the Communists, and an improvised list of independents led by Mr Clive Evatt. This is no mean triumph for 'the old smoothie', as Mr Cahill is known: he was, of course, helped by his last-minute enactment of equal pay (by instalments) in the public service, teaching, statutory agencies and the railways, but his victory is primarily a success for the moderate Catholic element in the Australian Labour Party Backed by Sydney's Cardinal Gilroy – who disapproves of the support that Archbishop Mannix has given to the DLP in Victoria – Mr Cahill did not break away from the Labour Party, as some of the more extreme Catholics had hoped he would. He has been the more bitterly attacked by the DLP for this reason. Now that he has proved his ability to win an election, even though the DLP split away part of the Catholic vote, his position, and, on the federal level, that of Mr Calwell, has been greatly strengthened. The DLP candidates, like the Communists, lost their deposits. But one of the 'left' independents, Mr Purdue, who supported Mr Clive Evatt, has won a seat. Mr Evatt is the brother of the federal leader, and he has been a somewhat erratic leftist; after his expulsion from the New South Wales Labour Party, he rallied a group of local non-Communist left-wingers in an effort to take advantage of the state's preferential voting system. They differed from the official Labour line in New South Wales more or less as the Bevanites disagreed with Transport House: it seems to have been a matter of personalities as much as politics. Such rebellions are tactically easier in Australia than in Britain, but they may be tactically unwise, for it is almost impossible for rebels to secure readmission to the Labour Party. The state party has survived the splits to right and left.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New Delhi

The Tibet Crisis

Our Correspondent in New Delhi writes: In a recent press conference, and subsequently in the Lok Sabha, Mr Nehru guardedly admitted that the Khampas were creating trouble for the Chinese in Tibet, though reports of it in the press were 'grossly exaggerated as a rule'. The other day a spokesman of the External Affairs Ministry confirmed that unrest prevailed in Tibet and revealed that fighting had actually broken out in Lhasa. This week the frontier between India and Tibet has been closed.

There is considerable sympathy for the Dalai Lama in India, and for the Tibetans generally, flowing perhaps from a traditional bond. Indians have, except now perhaps, been always welcome in Tibet, and ancient ties have not been forgotten. There are innumerable manuscripts and objects of historical interest to India in Tibet, and even now permission is being awaited from Peking for a team of Indian scholars to visit Sakya monastery, in western Tibet, and other monasteries and centres. The Khampas inhabit eastern Tibet; they are found also in Chinese territory adjoining north-eastern Tibet, and in the Sikkim-Bhutan region of India. They are a turbulent people, manufacturing their own small arms in cottage foundries, and have sometimes been compared to the hillmen of British India's North-West Frontier Province. China's role and difficulties in Tibet are, by implication, equated with Britain's on the Frontier. The existence of a Khampa population in India has raised some apprehension here.

It seems generally agreed now that the question of Tibet cannot really be isolated from over-all India-China relations. India and China are of course on friendly terms, in the accepted sense. But the relation is accompanied by irritants which can assume an exaggerated proportion at the slightest hint of a crisis, and consequently become the cause of a general underlying suspicion. India's friendliness is obvious from the fact, for instance, that it has supported and continues to support China's claim for admission into the United Nations. But there are also instances like the 'dumping' of goods in India's traditional Asian markets, which have had a markedly adverse effect on her export trade. It is said, for instance, that an Indian jute industrialists' mission, which toured Australia and South-East Asia some months ago, discovered that some of the jute imported by China from India was finding its way into India's markets at cut prices. However, China seems to have found that trade and politics do not always combine well, as an observer put it: except in Cambodia, Indonesia and, of course, North Vietnam, there seems to have been a general disinclination by other Asian countries to trade with China, on account of Chinese discrimination and unabashed indulgence in propaganda.

In addition to this kind of practice in trade, there is the question of what has been termed here as China's 'cartographical aggression'. Reference has been constantly made in New Delhi, officially and non-officially, to Chinese – and Russian – maps which have, despite India's protests, continued to show parts of Indian territory as belonging to China. No one really believes, however, that a conflagration is possible between India and China in the present circumstances, when both countries are so desperately involved in reconstruction. But when the urgency of reconstruction is over, as it must be one day, a clash of political interests is thought inevitable by many, and could lead to much unpleasantness. China's aggressive role in the history of South-East Asia does not by any means brighten the picture. The 17-point agreement between the Tibetan leaders and the Chinese government, as Mr Nehru reminded the Lok Sabha, was basically an agreement for preserving the autonomy of Tibet, and for the maintenance of its institutions under 'the umbrella of the Chinese state' It is considered necessary that, for the sake of future peace and goodwill between India and China, Tibet should be autonomous.

Cape Town

Union With Rhodesia?

A Special Correspondent writes: Nationalist MPs, now sitting in Cape Town, have recently been showing an unwonted solicitude towards 'our unfortunate good neighbours north of the Limpopo', instead of the more usual: 'There you are, man! Just look at bleddy partnership!' But stranger things even than this have been happening. The word 'federal', now crumbling into disrepute up aloft, has begun to acquire a prominent, if disputed, position in the Nats' vocabulary down south.

On 19 February the *Cape Times* carried the first of a new series of articles by a very respected Nationalist, Professor L. J. Du Plessis of Potchefstrom University (near Johannesburg), who has held several important party posts and is an old-time friend of Dr Verwoerd. English is not his native tongue, and much of this first article read rather like waffling by the latter-day Ramsay MacDonald. He did, however, seem to affirm a positive belief that European colonialism was dead and ought to be replaced by a Pan-African policy covering all races, with the ultimate development of some form of federalism. On 1 March the Johannesburg *Sunday Times* loudly announced that the 'simmering quarrel' between Professor Du Plessis and Dr Verwoerd had 'flared up into open war'. In another article the professor himself accused the Prime Minister of authoritarianism, of wrecking all prospects of federation in the Union by refusing to allow whites to sit with blacks on the same governing bodies, of substituting 'Verwoerdism' for true Nationalist policies. Most of this was repeated in next-day's *Cape Times*.

Du Plessis' second article for the *Cape Times* (3 March) commented on the Nyasaland situation, praised the new Basutoland constitution, slated South Africa for its complete lack of diplomatic representation in African states. It finally pleaded for 'bi-sectional' government, apparently meaning a multi-racial federation of autonomous states, each practising – at least, for the time being – internal race segregation, to be achieved by a political fusion of suitable elements from the Nationalist and United parties. The *Sunday Times* of 8 March reported him as announcing a 'revolutionary plan for a Federation of Southern Africa', to embrace all nations south of the Zambesi. This, he said, had the support of many prominent members of all parties and races, and was backed by promises of financial help from the United States. He claimed that news of this plan was being withheld from South Africans by the Afrikaans press – on the orders of Dr Verwoerd – and prophesied an inevitable upheaval within the Nationalist Party, which in another part of the paper was reported as being about to expel him. On top of all this the 15 March issue of *Golden City Post*, an African weekly and sister to *Drum*, carried a front-page story of a black-white federation plan sponsored by 'influential Cape Nats'.

What lies behind this apparent breach in Nationalist discipline and solidarity? For some months past 'informed circles' in the Cape have been saying that the jubilee celebrations of next year (to mark 50 years of the Union's existence) will be rounded off with the declaration of a federal republic, including an invitation to Southern Rhodesia to join the English-speaking South African group. To those who argue that the acquisition of 200,000 English-speaking Europeans, and over two million violently hostile Africans, can make no appeal to Dr Verwoerd, it can be answered that, among other things, he is an ardent imperialist. Southern Rhodesia would also provide him with a strategically valuable *glacis* in face of a militant black north. The whites, turning to him in desperation for protection, would be ready, it is argued, to accept wholeheartedly his principles and command.

Why, then, the public fracas? Among other things, Dr Verwoerd is an expert showman, well capable of using the indiscretions of a Professor Du Plessis, while apparently repudiating them, to accustom Afrikanerdom to a federal concept. Whatever the truth of the matter, which must necessarily be speculative for the present, there is no doubt that 'federalism' is becoming a powerful pass-word; and that would be unlikely without the connivance of the *'hoofleier'*.

Paris

The Communist Revival

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The 'victory' of the French anti-Communist camp was of short duration: from the September referendum to the March local elections. During this period, all the 'national' parties, from the Gaullists to the Mollet Socialists, believed that the decline of the CP had at last begun, and that the only question to be settled was who would succeed in capturing the party's ex-voters. This was the psychological background to the mass demonstration which took place in the Champs-Elysées in front of the *Figaro* building on the night of 30 November. It seemed difficult to believe then that, only three months later, a similar victory demonstration would take place in front of *L'Humanité*. Yet it happened: on the evening of 15 March, despite the rain, the Faubourg Montmartre was as crowded as on the 14 July; while in front of *Le Figaro* only a handful of policemen kept their solitary watch. The contrast between these demonstrations showed that political self-confidence had switched decisively from the right to the left. As a result, the recent meeting of the Communist central committee at Gennevilliers was seen as an event of national importance. Now that their survival is assured, what are the Communists going to do, bearing in mind that there will be no more elections for five years?

Maurice Thorez and Jacques Duclos replied in traditional fashion: 'We want a Popular Front, which will demand the holding of elections for a constituent assembly, charged with the task

of abrogating the new constitution and the Gaullist decrees, of establishing a working-class social and economic programme, and of re-opening the question of the nationalisation of industry'. The central committee noted that in about 50 towns 'the union of working-class and republican forces' had already been realised, despite the opposition of Guy Mollet, for the second ballot of the local elections; but it rebuked those comrades who advocated further CP concessions to extend this union: 'We must not allow ourselves to be treated as poor relations in order to bring about these agreements. We do not need to become the auxiliaries of our allies, nor to accept their policies'. In these words, M. Thorez has made it clear to the anti-Gaullist Left – Mendèsists, independent Socialists, and the anti-Mollet minority in the SFIO – that any future Popular Front must be formed under his leadership, that he is not prepared, as in the days of Léon Blum, to be a junior partner.

The attitude of Thorez is a blow to the hopes of the French opposition, and will probably defeat his own purposes. While it is true that the idea of a Popular Front has made some progress recently, it is also true that no non-Communist leader of the left would consider any working agreement with the CP which left Thorez in a dominant position. The strategy of the UFD was to obtain the help of the Communists without compromising itself with them, in the belief that the Communists would tacitly accept such an unspoken alliance. Thorez has now put an end to this hope.

Fleet Street

Unconvinced

'Here,' declared the *Daily Express* on Tuesday, hailing the publication of the Nyasaland White Paper, 'Here is the evidence'. Most of the rest of Fleet Street was far from being so sure. It found it less easy than the *Express* to suspend critical judgment. Certainly no doubts were allowed to disturb those emphatic pronouncements in which the *Express* specialises. The *Mail*, which has been the *Express's* running companion in this matter from the start – although usually a hesitant step or two behind and with more than an occasional look over its shoulder, inspired one suspects by an occasional doubt as to whether it is in the right race – also stilled its questioning for the moment and accepted the Governor's charges as proved evidence. 'Light on a Plot,' it labelled its leading article. 'The account of this plot hatched at a secret meeting' was, it decided, 'too circumstantial to be ignored'. It was ready to accept the assurance that 'the report came from reliable sources which, says the Governor, it would not be in the public interest to disclose. . . . Information obtained in such a way has to be accepted by the public and also by the Colonial Secretary'.

The *News Chronicle* took a very different view – seeing no reason whatever why the public should be expected to accept anything as true simply because a Colonial Governor and a Colonial Secretary acting on 'information received' from sources undisclosed say that it is. Its leader was headed 'Flimsy' It opened: 'The government White Paper on Nyasaland makes a weak case weaker. No serious evidence to support the story of a "massacre plot" is produced, while some of the statements made are unfair' 'Assertions that a meeting – not attended by Dr Banda – drew up the massacre plot are,' it continued, 'based on sources of which the value is unknown'; and it declared 'shocking', the 'accusation of guilt by association used as evidence of a plot to murder', adding: 'It is strange indeed that the "massacre plot" has not caused the death of a single non-African.' The *Daily Herald* was even more contemptuous. 'We asked for EVIDENCE of the alleged massacre plot in Nyasaland,' it roared. 'There is not a shred in the White Paper! We say this document is an insult to the intelligence of parliament.' And it asked, as the *News Chronicle* had also done, why Dr Banda and the others were not brought to trial and the 'evidence' put to the test of a court of law.

The *Mirror* and the *Sketch* were busy with other things. They reported – surprisingly unobtrusively in the case of the *Sketch* and on an inside page only in the case of the *Mirror* – but did not at once comment. Of the opinion papers – whose opinion governments are sometimes thought to regard more highly than those of the millions – *The Times*, the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Telegraph* were all less emphatic than the popular press – the *Manchester Guardian* indeed rather surprisingly so – but the dubiety was plain. 'There must,' said the *Manchester Guardian*, 'still be some uncertainty about the truth'. It added that, if the Governor's account were accepted, 'what hope can remain of political reconciliation – and of ever securing the consent of Africans in Nyasaland to their staying in the Federation. That these leaders should have been prepared to go so far is a mark of bitter failure for the British and Federal authorities'. But were they? As the *Guardian* went on to point out 'the White Paper gives only one side of the story'. And it added: 'Another cause of uncertainty is the conflict between what is said of Dr Banda in the White Paper and what was known of him before. This must be the first time in two centuries when, except in war, an elder of the Church of Scotland planned a campaign of mass murder. It is, indeed, almost too much to believe'.

The Times, while considering that the White Paper disposed of the accusations that there 'never was any real threat of violence' and that the Governor was 'jockeyed into taking action by Sir Roy Welensky', concluded: 'Much harder to assess is the authenticity of the murder plot which Mr Lennox-Boyd produced so dramatically before the House of Commons on 4 March'. 'It was,' it added 'perhaps unfortunate that he built his case so strongly on it.' Mr Lennox-Boyd himself may now be thinking the same. For even the *Daily Telegraph*, earlier so faithful, was obviously more than a little worried on Tuesday. It felt it a pity that a word with such 'melodramatic overtones' as 'plot' was used in the first instance and concluded that it is essential that 'the whole situation should be examined by a mission whose findings would command general respect'.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Westminster

The noble Lord Swinton has the great asset of sounding like a bishop, an art which he no doubt acquired in his extensive career of putting things across to shareholders at company meetings in the City; and when, in this week's House of Lords debate on Nyasaland, he pleaded for partnership in Africa between the whites (7,600) and blacks (2,700,000) in that territory and elsewhere, one felt the atmosphere of the cathedral and murmured 'Amen' instead of 'Hear, hear'. But unhappily this atmosphere was soon wrecked by Lord Malvern, another City magnate, who will never be mistaken for a bishop.

Lord Malvern is flush-faced, arrogant and forthright. He speaks with that exaggerated accent – 'Rhodesiah,' 'bad tempah,' 'fellah' – which seems old-fashioned even when music-hall artistes use it to imitate a blimp, and out of his forty-eight years' experience of Africa – he is better known as Sir Godfrey Huggins, lately Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia – he showed the House of Lords what sort of partnership the Africans can expect. 'All Africans, until they are very advanced,' he said, 'are liars.' As he had previously stated – at a company meeting in the City, of course – that there were people in Britain, and he implied that they were in the Labour Party, who regretted that white settlers in Africa had not been murdered, his judgment of people, white or black, seems suspect. What did not seem suspect in this debate was his determination that, whatever the forms eventually established in Africa, the fact, for years to come, should be white domination.

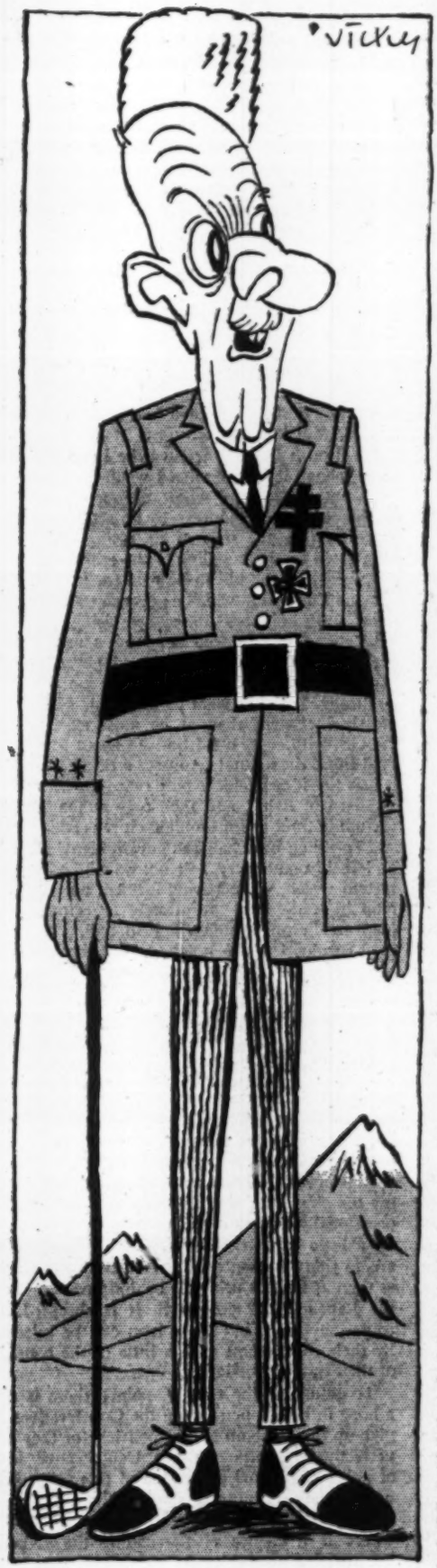
This indeed seemed to be the general feeling on the government side. Witness the great welcome to the maiden speech of Lord Robbins (ex-Professor Lionel), who had been introduced to provide the House with new blood and regaled it with old clichés. To him the Africans were but children, gentle and kindly, but unhappily at the moment in the grip of a handful of agitators and self-appointed leaders. One felt a longing among their lordships for the time to come back when blacks once more would be kindly children and whites on the boards of City companies could exploit them again in peace.

But as I listened I began to wonder just who the children were. This was a debate on the government's White Paper which had accused various African leaders by name of conspiracy to murder. It seemed odd to me, and to Lords Silkin and Stansgate, that if the government had enough evidence to make this charge publicly it should not at once prosecute the accused in a court of law, whereas, as Stansgate pointed out, one of the accused was actually in this country and at liberty. But what was almost odder was that Lord Perth, the government spokesman, did not deal with the White Paper at all, and refused to tell the House what his own recent researches on the spot had revealed. In view of the appointment of the Devlin Commission, he said, it would be improper to comment.

So the government, having publicised grave charges, now run for cover behind a commission whose function and terms of reference it refuses to define with any clarity. 'I can't add to what I have already said', was Mr Lennox-Boyd's reiterated reply to Labour questioning in the Commons, and Lords Perth and Home fell back on it in the Lords.

This makes me feel that it is Parliament and especially the House of Commons – the Lords know well enough what is going on – who are being taken for children. Before the Devlin Commission makes its report, there may well have been an election; and in that event either the government will be out and will not have to justify its charges or it will have a new lease of life in which to ride the storm of public opinion if the charges prove to be false. Members of Parliament, gentle, kindly and by no means in the grip of agitators, are expected to take this quietly. But whatever may happen to Members of Parliament, I believe that performances like those of Lords Perth and Malvern and of Mr Lennox-Boyd are certain, if they are allowed to seem representative of Britain, to make black 'children' grow up fast and in a way which may be tragic for the whites.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU



United in Flexible Rigidity:
GENERAL MACADENHOWER

Summit View From Camp David

NECESSITY, logic, politics and blackmail have combined to force the big-power statesmen once more to the Summit. For three years following the dismal failure of the Geneva Conference in 1955, proposals for further mountain climbing of this sort have been regularly dismissed on this side of the Atlantic as being invitations to a swindle. It became almost an article of faith that if the President were ever again to engage in the sport, the four foreign ministers would first have to build a nicely graded road up the slope, pave it with obviously good intentions and crown the peak with a comfortable prefabricated chateau. Bit by bit this attitude has been chipped away since last November, and its virtual disappearance today is either a tribute to Soviet persistence, a confession of failure, or both.

Several very different elements have gone into the apparent change in the American position. Mikoyan's visit stirred up considerable popular hope that the Russians might at last be earnest enough about wanting to ease tensions to make serious negotiation possible. Changes in the Senate which brought to the fore men like Fulbright, Mansfield and Humphrey gave a respectable voice to the growing criticism of the State Department's rigidity. Mr Dulles's forced retirement suddenly and for the first time made the President his own Secretary of State. At the same time, Prime Minister Macmillan, rather than the Foreign Secretary, was carrying the ball for Britain. Since Krushchev and de Gaulle alone can speak for their respective countries, what kind of conference could there be but one at the Summit?

Above all, the Soviet ultimatum on Berlin left almost no tolerable alternative to direct negotiations on the highest level. Limited military action in central Europe, the President suggested, at a press conference, was hopeless – 'We are certainly not going to fight a ground war in Europe': all-out nuclear war on the same issue was all but unthinkable – 'I don't know how you could free anything with nuclear weapons' – though not to be ruled out entirely. At the same time, we should never abandon our rights in Berlin or desert its people.

What then is left? The President spelled it out in a speech to the nation a few days later: 'Now our final choice is negotiation'. He was still for a preliminary meeting of foreign ministers – to which the Russians had already agreed; but 'assuming developments that justify a summer meeting at the Summit, the United States would be ready to participate in that further effort'.

American diplomats, especially Ambassador Thompson in Moscow, have pressed for this position, convinced that a Summit meeting was inevitable, though not persuaded that it would be fruitful. At the very least it would put Soviet peace pretensions to the test and ease the immediate crisis over Berlin. At best it might lay the ground for a larger settlement of the German question at a time when the western powers still have the margin of military superiority, shrinking though it may be. In the Senate, too, the President's stand was applauded, though leading Democrats sharply challenged his policy of reducing armed forces at this particular moment. The speech was 'one of the President's best efforts', said Senator Fulbright, who has favoured a Summit meeting right along and accused the Administration of blissful ignorance of the 'scope of the Soviet challenge'. At the same time, it seemed to him a strange business to be cutting down the Army, Navy and Marine Corps on the eve of such delicate negotiations

On this score the usually cautious Eisenhower appears to be taking one of the great gambles of history. By minimising the use of ground forces and the possibility of limited war, he is in effect narrowing the choice concerning Berlin to one of successful diplomacy or nuclear disaster. The drastic nature of the alternatives may be precisely what is needed to force a viable settlement in which case he will finish off an otherwise undistinguished presidency with an achievement of magnificent proportions – a triumph won moreover, without further unbalancing the budget or turning the country, as he is so fond of warning, into a 'garrison state'. The consequences of failure on the other hand need no elaborating

If a Summit conference is to do more than postpone a show-down over Berlin, however, it will clearly have to deal with far larger issues and it is here that the West suffers a handicap that would take the heart out of most bargainers. In a word the Russians know exactly what they want, while the West knows mostly what it doesn't want. Washington in particular doesn't want a shifting of western forces in Europe that might in any way alter the present military balance or undermine West Berlin, and doesn't want to recognise in any degree the puppet state of East Germany or to appear to acquiesce in Soviet suzerainty over the other satellite states of eastern Europe. But the whole purpose of Russian pressure is precisely to undermine West Berlin and freeze the status of its own satellite empire. 'The West must forget about the possibility of reverting the people's democracies of eastern Europe to capitalism once again,' Krushchev told the press: 'What is lost is lost.' In the circumstances there would not seem to be much in the way of *quids* or *quos* to exchange at the Summit, and there is no expressed feeling in any quarter here that the coming conference will yield solutions of a far-reaching sort.

Psychologically at least this may be all to the good. If the meeting does no more than ease the dangerous tension over Berlin, it will have served a modest purpose; and limited negotiation on this score is clearly possible. There is no dearth of unofficial ideas here on the subject. The allies might agree, for example, to curtail, or even eliminate, those propaganda activities in West Berlin that have so obviously had a telling effect across the border. They might also agree on a formula giving East Germans *de facto* supervision of the approaches to Berlin, in return for which free access could be guaranteed. Beyond these narrow issues it is felt the western powers might also offer fresh formulas for the limitation of arms, especially nuclear arms, in central Europe.

Probably Prime Minister Macmillan's substantial achievement in the talks at Camp David was to wipe out the President's lingering inclination to make a Summit meeting dependent on the prior success of the foreign ministers' session scheduled for May. Given Krushchev's contemptuous attitude towards this preliminary, not much could come of it and we should then approach the climax of the Berlin crisis with no hope but for intervention from the United Nations.

Even now there are those who feel the problem will ultimately be dropped on the doorstep of the UN and that action should be taken promptly to see that it gets there. Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon made a plea on the floor of the Senate a few days ago to have the entire question of Berlin referred to the Security Council, the General Assembly or, if necessary, the International

Court, an idea which sounds quixotic only to the degree that the United Nations itself has come to seem fanciful. Morse is equally appalled by Russia's 'sinister scheme to use Berlin as a threat to peace in order to gain its designs on Germany and western Europe', and by western spokesmen who talk glibly of nuclear war over Berlin. While his views find faint echo in Washington, immediate UN responsibility is being urged by such a veteran diplomat as Ernest A. Gross, former Deputy United States UN Representative.

Obviously the UN will be the last resort; but there seems to be little belief that the problem will ever get there, in spite of the prevailing suspicion of Summit diplomacy. A decade of propaganda about Yalta and Potsdam has fixed the myth that the Kremlin men are too foxy for us simple Yankee horsetraders. But the Administration is being amply forewarned and forearmed by press and politicians alike against Russian perfidy. As a result it is confidently felt that if there is one thing the President will not buy at the top of a mountain or anywhere else, it is the naked word of Nikita Krushchev.

ROBERT BENDINER

Washington

SHALL WE HELP MR GAITSKELL? III

A Matter of Principles

IT was not until some time after I had heard *myself* advocating making our vote conditional upon a pledge to support unilateral nuclear disarmament that I did some homework and discovered that it will not do. It was too much like proclaiming what sort of world you want to die in, and not how you want to live; too much like an outburst of petulance. There are some elementary principles which, in the rage of disgust at the shortcomings of the men we have to choose our masters from and at being made an accomplice, as a taxpaying voter, in the atrocious crime contemplated by the H-bombardiers, I had overlooked, even forgotten. It is impossible to exclude the assumption that we may be luckier than we deserve; that politicians may not all be such mad dogs as they seem; that, in short, we still have to consider what sort of world we want to live in.

In the first place both the Conservative and Liberal Parties have declared their faith in capitalism; they have, it is true, been forced to modify their ideas under the pressure of Fabian thinking during the past 70 years. But both parties believe as an article of faith that you can best get the community's and the world's work done by, on the one hand, offering a lure to greed, on the other threatening starvation. When I was in the navy we had a phrase to describe the attitude of certain ultra-individualistic ratings towards their shipmates: *F--- you, Jack, I'm inboard* – the fundamental doctrine of anti-Socialism in five words, albeit one unprintable.

When Conservatives or Liberals do something not in accordance with this doctrine, they are denying their own faith, they are applying ideas which, at a time when no party had adopted collectivism as a policy, that is before the Labour Party as we know it existed, were forced on them by the Fabians, notably by the Webbs; and which they accepted reluctantly, either as sticks with which to beat each other; or to save themselves from the anger of the people. It is possible that capitalism is a little more controllable (by Socialist means) than it was before the war – though note that the United States unemployment figure is hovering around four million; it is possible that neither our Liberals nor Conservatives would ever again dare simply to shrug off mass destitution as really most unfortunate; but neither party is *fundamentally* concerned with the welfare of the people; there can be no hope of any real improvement of the common lot from either, because both start from a view of human motives and conduct which is base. Capitalism turns men into economic cannibals: and, having done so, mistakes economic cannibalism for human nature.

Is the Labour Party any better? Its leaders have compromised the ideals of Socialism by supping short-spooned with the capitalist devil; they have shuffled and evaded; they have made themselves ridiculous by accepting hereditary honours; they have, from the very beginning, as men, fallen victims to aristocratic charm or plutocratic ostentation; recently they have refused the responsibility of giving a clear moral lead in the matter of nuclear armaments. In short, they are human beings. But the French have an old proverb: *pour un moine, l'abbaye ne faut pas.* A bad monk doesn't mean a spoilt abbey; nor do ten bad monks. The abbey, the institution, the *principle* remains, and the moment one or more men of parts and integrity enter into it, they make it operative. The two capitalist parties are merely opportunist. The Labour Party, though God knows one might not always think so, has something better somewhere in mind. The idea that men do not have to be lured or beaten into doing their share of production, but will, in certain conditions band together, 'each for all and all for each'.

It is unfashionable to consider the matter in these terms. To me it seems important to do so. Because we must have something *human* to look forward to, we must believe we can solve not only material problems, but moral and indeed spiritual ones. It seems quite clear from the experience of thousands of years that the only stable happiness for man lies in serving something nobler than the individual man and thereby denying that a man is no more than an organised collection of chemicals. The service of Mammon may make a tiny minority of exceptionally acquisitive individuals happy in a negative, anti-social way. It will hardly do for ordinary, decent people. Artists, scientists can serve their idea; artisans can serve a trade. For that men, when not corrupted and degraded by what Beatrice Webb called 'the scramble for the product', are happy in manual skill is clear from the beauty of small, common artifacts from the earliest to the latest cultures. For some there is still a God, though for most He has been turned into a very unsatisfactory nebulosity, or else abolished.

But men remain: it is still possible to serve each other. And we do not serve each other by competing in fear and fury for bread and power. The only political idea which rejects this vile and degrading competition in favour of co-operating and sharing, which, in Christian terms, rejects hatred of the neighbours as a way of life and replaces it by love of them, is Socialism. The only viable political party which pays even lip-service to Socialism is the Labour Party. And it can, despite the human failings of its leaders, and because of the 'abbey' which men and women of great heart and mind have built for it, be driven to recognise its own principles and work, however slowly, towards their realisation.

It seems to me useful in this context to compare a typical Labour Party mistake with a typical Conservative Party mistake, that is mistakes arising out of the doctrines professed by both parties. For the Labour case, take the groundnuts scheme; for the Conservative one, the invasion of Egypt we call the 'Suez crisis'. Granted that the groundnuts scheme was a scandalous fiasco, what was it inspired by? What was its intention? To increase food supplies, to bring virgin soil under the plough, to raise a population's standard of living. And what was the intention of the Egyptian invasion? To impose our yoke by brute force on a foreign nation; that is, to do evil. And if you do not care for moral arguments, try comparing the costs of the two mistakes. The groundnuts fiasco would still look good beside the Egyptian invasion if it had cost ten times as much.

I will do nothing to weaken the Labour Party, short though it falls of what I want, because I do *not* want an England whose citizens are apt to be shamed, at any moment, by an act of criminal aggression on the part of its ruling oligarchy; humiliated by the bungling of the crime; and impoverished by the bill to be paid for it. I do not want an England in which a government of cynics reduces its citizens to sympathising with a a scheming prelate who condones murder, like Makarios, simply because their own government's behaviour is even worse, physically, morally and politically. I do not want an economic system so grossly inefficient that, at its most efficient – in the US, with every child born to about five hundred times the natural resources a European child is heir to – it can achieve only twice the European standard of living, and then only at the cost of excluding three or four million citizens from work and spending over half the government's income on lethal ironmongery. I do not want an economic system which, while paying farmers not to grow food in fertile land, desperately urges others to plant food crops in unfertile land, and, with huge food surpluses which it fails to distribute, leaves half the world's people on the edge of starvation.

In short, I do not want men to live for ever in a sort of global loony-bin; and I do not believe it is necessary. I do not expect, by voting Labour, to put all to rights at once; but by not voting Labour, that is by helping the capitalist political parties, I should quite obviously be perpetuating the mad-house policy. Both the Conservative and Liberal Parties are opportunist; they are guided only by the amoral expediency they call 'realism'; they believe in a human nature best described in my old shipmates' descriptive phrase, and which occasionally throws a sop to its own conscience by a little expedient charity. Both these parties are, in short, unprincipled, Machiavellian; whereas there *is* a noble principle behind Socialism and the Labour Party accepts it. It is obscured, of course, by men; but those men can be injected by their constituents with a little of the courage of their own convictions.

To return to the starting point: there is not a hope in hell of persuading the Conservatives to give up the H-bomb and H-policies, for they are perfectly appropriate to the Conservative idea of politics, the final expression of that militarism which is always bursting through the urbanity of the old Toryism, the conurbanity of the new. There *is* a chance of persuading the Labour men to give up the bomb; for though they have been frightened and tempted into approving it, they are, in their hearts, ashamed.

EDWARD HYAMS

London Diary

At the Soviet party given in honour of the visiting members of the Supreme Soviet, I heard someone remark that Mr Suslov's is not the usual image of a Russian party boss; he might indeed be the writer of this London Diary. Which is only one way of saying that he is of the lean, touselled, journalistic type in contrast with the round, Krushchev-Churchillian executives who nowadays run most of the world. That did not prevent him having all the toughness necessary for a fighting leader during the German invasion of Russia. The party in his honour reminded me of pre-war days when the Soviet Embassy used to collect the largest possible group of politicians and journalists and others who could be regarded as allies in the 'fight for peace'. At any rate, at one moment, I saw not far from Mr Suslov, Mr Gaitskell and Mr Bevan, Lord Hailsham and Harry Pollitt, a prominent Nigerian leader, a highly placed representative of the Foreign Office, a reporter from a daily newspaper, Mr Zilliacus, the President of the Royal Academy, and, of course, the *Daily Mirror*. The Russians are seeking to extend the area of goodwill in preparation for the Summit.

* * *

Whether the Aldermaston march will be as big this Easter as it was last, I can't begin to guess. It will probably be less publicised, because it will have lost some of its novelty. This year it is being organised by the official committee of the Nuclear Disarament campaign. It will have no element of the stunt about it. People are now more alive to the reality of nuclear fall-out – the danger of war is more urgent. There are thousands who haven't made up their minds about unilateral nuclear disarmament, yet want to protest against the manufacture of H-bombs. I suspect that many of these will join the marchers as they near London. A number of the leaders of the Campaign will be taking part. I hear that Jacquetta Hawkes, Canon and Mrs Collins, Sir Richard Acland, Michael Foot, Benn Levy and Donald Soper are marching, and that others, also prominent in the leadership, will be at the final Trafalgar Square rally at 2.30 on Monday. Michael Foot, Donald Soper, John Horner and Antoinette Pirie will be the speakers.

* * *

This Easter we are told to expect the 'worst ever' clutter on the roads, and there is a glut of ingenious suggestions about ways of reducing road casualties. But I think the Pedestrian Association makes a fair point in suggesting that the Bench, mainly inhabited by motorists, could play a more useful part. I looked up figures recently supplied by the Home Office in answer to a parliamentary question about penalties inflicted for different motoring offences in 1957. The fines for neglecting to observe the regulations at pedestrian crossings, for failing to stop or report an accident, for driving under the influence of alcohol, for speeding, for dangerous or merely careless driving, are obviously seldom severe enough to be a serious deterrent. The average fine for the first of these offences was £1 12s. 11d. and the highest for a subsequent offence £25. In no case, even for the worst of these offences, is a fine ever more than £100, and the average fine for driving 'under the influence' only £22 4s. 7d. and for dangerous driving £14 3s. 10d. So I turned to the one real deterrent – disqualification. In the case of alcoholic driving, a high proportion (2,883 out of 3,035) really did get disqualified. Only 1,994 out of 4,899 dangerous drivers were disqualified; I should have expected it to be almost an automatic penalty in their case. But I am astonished to see that only thirteen out of something over 15,000 of the people who at least came near to knocking me down at pedestrian crossings were disqualified and, much more extraordinary, that out of more than 7,000 who failed to stop or report an accident, only seven have been refused the chance to do it again.

* * *

Labour's revived interest in the Arts and in what is generally (and horribly) called 'amenities' makes me hope that if Mr Gaitskell becomes Prime Minister some halt will be called to the spoliation of England. The other day, motoring through the centre of England, I was horrified at the growing squalor of even our main roads; a visitor to this country has now increasingly to travel through a vast slum in order to discover 'beauty spots'. Commercialism has its way. On one 52-mile stretch of south-west England there are actually 70 petrol stations because Tory philosophy does not hold with checking free competition. In the Downlands we still fight – on the whole successfully – for our lives, and almost every day one reads of champions of the countryside doing their best to save some grand stretch of England. The worst danger comes from the speculative builder. A letter published in this issue calls attention to the proposed desecration of the peculiar beauty of the Hampshire 'hangers'. The wooded slopes of Stoner Hill which run out of Petersfield provide a view which Belloc, I think rightly, once described as about the best in England. I find it hard to believe that anyone is really going to be allowed to cut these woodlands down. As a Londoner, I am also astonished at the way we add every day to our appalling traffic congestion by tamely submitting to the transformation of our streets into tunnels between high, undistinguished and indistinguishable buildings which are totally out of proportion to the parts of London about which we most boast. Try walking up from Lincoln's Inn into Holborn, and notice how outrageously the new buildings dwarf the Inns of Court. Soon Americans who come here to find something different from their own cities will have to search for the antiquities of London – from Roman to Georgian – as a man might look for rare bits of moss in the crevices of a prison wall.

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The Dalai Lama, the spiritual and temporal sovereign of Tibet, is an able and attractive young man who has just earned his doctor's degree under Chinese professors. He has hitherto met the wishes of Peking only in so far as he has acted as chairman of the Preparatory Committee for the Autonomous Region of Tibet. According to Tibetan custom, he should now, I'm told, tour his vast, but still – in spite of new Chinese roads – undeveloped country, where he is universally venerated. The Chinese fear that the effect of such a royal progress would be to strengthen the morale of the rebels. So far, the Dalai Lama has refused their invitation to go to Peking. Tibetans now fear that Peking intends to abduct him. The result has been fighting inside Lhasa. In south-eastern Tibet, the warlike Khambas, who resisted the Communists in 1950, and again rebelled in 1956, have now gathered under the united command of 16 chieftains and formed a legion called the 'Guardians of Religion'. Last summer they were strong enough to march on Lhasa to get the blessing of the Dalai Lama. Their leaders now believe they can depend on the army, and focus the discontent of the mountain people, who acknowledge the Dalai Lama's sovereignty not only within Tibet, but also over the frontiers – into Sikkim, Nepal and Ladakh. A word either way from the Dalai Lama could be decisive. Here is ample cause for Nehru's anxiety.

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We are all familiar with Parkinson's Law of bureaucracy, but I am grateful to Morris Rubin, who edits that excellent American monthly, *The Progressive*, for pointing out the local application of it in Hoover's Law on the Incidence of Subversion. The Law, he says, works like this: the amount of FBI money and manpower needed to protect the US from Communist subversion is in inverse ratio to the number of subversives. When J. Edgar Hoover took over the FBI in 1924, he estimated that there were about 400,000 'subversives' in America. Slowly, in the next 16 years, Congress gave more and more money to Hoover, while the total of subversives sank to the 80,000 members of the CP. In 1940, with the CP losing members by the thousand after the Nazi-Soviet Pact, the FBI budget had doubled to $14 million. By 1950, it was $53 million. The number of Communists dwindled fast. But Hoover worked his budget up to $95 million. Last year, the *Daily Worker* shut up shop; the party claimed only 7,000 members; some people thought its real membership barely 3,000. Yet Hoover was collecting over $100 million from Congress, employing more than 14,000 people in the FBI. I am sure Parkinson must regard him as a worthy disciple, for no one but a master bureaucrat could have the gall to claim, after all this, that last year 'the Communist Party and its dupes and sympathisers gained further courage and became more vocal'.

* * *

T. C. Worsley, who has been with this journal for more than 20 years (with a spell in the Air Force) this week says farewell as our dramatic critic in an article of wise advice to his successor. He belongs to a great tradition. Originally a schoolmaster himself, he became a pupil of Desmond MacCarthy and Raymond Mortimer. Of many stories I could tell I would choose one that may be new to him. Once he had strongly criticised a young but very famous actress. She remarked that his criticism was justified and then she added: 'But then Worsley is the one critic who understands acting and whom all of us actors take seriously'.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The exhibition of Sir Winston Churchill's paintings at the Royal Academy is breaking all records. In the first five days 14,680 people have seen it.

This attendance is almost twice the figure for the previous record holder in the Diploma Gallery—Leonardo da Vinci.—*News Chronicle*. (R. C. Clarke.)

We know that some people are said to have 'green fingers'. I have now followed up these experiments personally, and find that many people with this apparent power have all prayed over their plants and seeds at the time of sowing. I have since been experimenting myself, with similar results. This is indeed an important discovery in the power of prayer. —Letter in *Daily Mail*. (R. H. Pomfret.)

We told all our friends and neighbours we were going to Monte Carlo for Easter. When we said so, it was quite true, but we have had some unexpected expenses, and can't afford to go away after all. We can't face admitting it – but how can we keep it dark? —Letter in *Sunday Dispatch*. (P. Hawes.)

Forty Years On

It was 40 years ago when for the first and last time I thought I was a Communist. I was a grammar-school boy, 17 years of age. On 21 March 1919, the declaration of the Hungarian Soviet Republic caught me strolling over the streets, wangling my homework and daydreaming of myself as a Tribune of the People, for I was a founder of the Socialist Secondary School-Students' Union. My loyalties were divided between the Social Democrats whose ideas I shared, and the Communists who, I thought, must ultimately be vindicated by history simply because they stood furthest to the left. Couldn't the two unite to save the fatherland? Up to 21 March, no adult person would have thought so. On that day the hope suddenly materialised. Socialist leaders called on the Communists in their prison cells and signed an agreement under which a Council of People's Commissars would take over. Every believer in progress was invited to rejoice. I certainly did so.

An additional spur to my enthusiasm was patriotism. This could not be admitted in so many words – 'true patriotism' and 'national sovereignty' as advocated by present-day Communists had not yet been invented. In 1919, they banned the national tricolour and boasted of considering 'Hungary' merely a 'geographical term'. But their followers could not help feeling differently. The Red Flag was venerated in the hope of reconquering what had been lost under the Red-White-Green. The Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns had let us down by collapsing. Western democracy had snubbed us for our impertinence in behaving like western democrats. Our national minorities, liberated by the *Entente*, had refused our brotherly hand and turned into oppressors. Refugees from across the Demarcation Line swamped the streets of our capital; they were put up in railway trucks. Coal supplies had run out, unemployment spread. Who could save us? 'Russia will save us.'

The Russians were unknown enough to be trusted. The few who knew the Communist alphabet were greeted with applause. 'Comrades,' I heard a bespectacled young man shouting, 'you will no longer be Hungarians now, patriotism is a bourgeois humbug, there is no other dividing line between men than that between exploiters and workers. (Cheers.) We are all Hungarians, we must all join the Red Army and protect from the usurpers the holy territory conquered by our ancestors with their blood.' Again general cheers. All imaginable cakes were to be both kept and eaten round a world-wide table, with Lenin in the chair, and Béla Kun as the guest of honour.

Béla Kun was a plump, short man, then 33 years of age, with a husky but penetrating voice. I heard him addressing huge crowds. With his drive and peremptoriness, he succeeded in impressing his audience, though he never went out of his way, as did latter-day Communists, to placate people imbued with old-fashioned emotions. He rather liked to shock them. He publicised his cable to Clemenceau stressing that the new government did 'not stand on the basis of Hungary's territorial integrity'. Many realised by then that 'integrity' was untenable; but why boast about it? Kun self-confidently explained: 'The idiots don't understand. Old Clemenceau will be embarrassed. What can he reply? No more excuses to attack Hungary. I've got round him'.

Some of us, select Socialist students, gathered in palaces, confiscated from magnates, where agitators' seminars were now being held. 'We demand Red Terror' was painted over the stucco-decorated walls, and some of the speakers banged the table with their revolvers to show toughness. The Communist youth of those days behaved half like Dostoevsky heroes and half like apaches, not at all 'party disciplined'. Professor Comrade Lukács, then a recent convert, expounded in his university lectures most unorthodox arguments to vindicate 'violence as the source of right'; and, in his Hegelian style, he forecast the victory of a new idealism which was now dialectically prepared by Marxian materialism. This sounded obscure enough to impress. The posters in the streets were mainly meant to horrify – either humanitarianism, with blood-stained fists, or the ideas of verisimilitude, with futurist visions.

Bourgeois prudishness had to be done away with. Liberation from sex oppression was promised to the masses. I escorted a couple of top agitator undergraduates to a country town, Kaposvár; one of them, a 20-year-old girl, in black blouse and with short-cut flat hair, lectured to some 40 schoolboys on venereal diseases, with an air of stern triumph in her eyes whenever the subject turned most delicate. To buy love was bourgeois depravity, she explained, but to make love was noble. 'Don't suppress your instincts, comrades, and treat your lovers as equal partners.'

'But . . . what if I don't find an equal partner,' a boy asked with some tremor, 'then what about my instincts?'

Psychoanalysis was not under anathema yet, and its vocabulary came to the rescue. 'On no account suppress them, Comrade,' the girl encouraged him, '*sublimate* them.' The boy seemed rather doubtful about that panacea, and so was I.

My girl friend in Budapest used to say: 'Yes, I know I should, but you see,' she blushed, 'I cannot rid myself of my bourgeois prejudices . . not yet. But don't be impatient, it will be you if anyone . . . ' She asked me to recommend her as a secretary to the Apprentices' Union. She turned out to have made similar confidences to three of us; and she got the job and kept her innocence, at any rate for the short duration of our Soviets.

By summer I had become a cynic. I felt nausea and was ashamed of ever having believed in Communism. I was disappointed, first, by my partners in our union: those who had been seriously interested in Marx and Engels were pushed aside, and the survivors in leading posts were suburban Teddy-boys or ambitious and unscrupulous sons of well-to-do businessmen. Misery for all was less dramatic but more depressing than expected. We were not fed on rats like the *communards* of 1870, but the bread obtained in shops was so stodgy and mouldy as to keep a bad taste in one's mouth. One room of our three-room flat was confiscated, and a Red soldier with his wife billeted in it. He would sit for hours in the passage, picking his toes. The stench of his socks and an invasion of bedbugs reflected his presence all day.

The endless queues in front of food stores, the curses of haggard women, the avalanche of bitter jokes about that 'Earthly Paradise', revealed the loss of face of the rulers. No one believed either in the words of the Commissars nor in the banknotes printed by them. The decisive blow came from Clemenceau. The old man was not, after all, as embarrassed as Béla Kun hoped he would be. He made the offer that the Hungarian Red Army should evacuate the Slovak territories, which it had surprisingly and admirably occupied; subsequently, he promised, the Rumanians would evacuate the pure Hungarian territories occupied by them. Béla Kun indeed withdrew his troops from Slovakia; and the Rumanians started an offensive on Budapest. 'Those dammed, filthy Rumanians, why are they pottering about so long?' I heard a Hungarian landowner say. 'When will they be here at last?' (He had himself fled from Rumanian rule some time earlier.) Nothing mattered but the wish to be relieved of our Reds. By September it was over. We were relieved, first, by the Rumanian army, which was worse than the Red, and then by our own White detachments, which were worse than the Rumanians.

PAUL IGNOTUS

A Kenya Story

When Sadru and I got together the *Weekly Review* was born – or rather reborn, for it existed already under his absent-minded editorship as a purely social paper for the large Indian community of Nairobi. Sadru was a Hindu, big, placid and fiftyish. With his fingers and the surface of his mind, he recorded the intricate litigation, the business deals, the parties and the religious disputes which make up Indian life, while his brain whirred with shrewd political comment and indignant satire. These never got into print: he was oppressed by the conventions of the manager of the paper which he edited and of the society in which he lived

I arrived on the staff by chance. The manager was away and Sadru in a mood to admire an English girl who assumed that she would be welcome in a non-European organisation. He did not pander to me; I was paid on the Indian scale – to the horror of the immigration authorities – and I used the same lavatory. (Roughly speaking in Kenya, Europeans use a normal flush-lavatory; Indians a flush-lavatory, but with the bowl sunk in the ground; and Africans a hole leading to an underground drain. Deviation is frowned on.) I found a room outside the European areas

Avant Garde?

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and set about feeling my way in a world which was new to me.

Sadru and I liked each other from the start and my sympathy released his enthusiasm. We became a little drunk with it all. We had a newspaper on our hands, 6,000 readers and too much to say. We used to meet in the office early before the rest of the staff – two Indians, Mr Jeremiah and Mr Hakim – arrived.

'Something like the *Observer*', Sadru would say, running his hand through his thick black hair, 'Liberal and omniscient. We will make it like the *Observer*.'

The machines were old, and in moments of crisis they ground inexorably to a standstill. We had one Linotype machine and an Indian operator. The paper was put together by hand by a gaggle of grinning gum-chewing Africans, who worked up in the gallery and, if the paper was late, leant over the rail and spat in derision. Jeremiah and Hakim lived for the lunch hour, when a Sikh with a long beard stepped smoothly up the stairs and worked out the day's horoscope in complicated geometry. Hakim worked at one table and stuck invitations on to his desk with Sellotape; Jeremiah sat on the other side of the office monotonously picking his nails.

Our idea was simple. All newspapers in Kenya are geared to the European world. Their reports of African events are always truncated and often misleading. We wanted to give the Africans predominance and to give space to local opinion. We started with a bang. A minister visited a newly opened block of African flats. We printed the picture (bright chromium sink, smiling African couple) with the caption 'What the Minister Saw'. Underneath, with the caption 'What the Minister Did Not See', we printed a photograph of the tumbledown shanties round the corner. When £11,000 was spent on a dog-pound, just when the Treasury could find no money to build a place of safety for African girls, we wrote: 'They'll pay to keep dogs off the street, but not our girls'. It was simple and crude, if you like, by European standards, but it had not been done before in Nairobi.

We began to employ African reporters and I, anxious not to intrude a European point of view, gave them great scope. This nearly involved us in a libel action. I happily headlined a story of corruption in the election of officers to one of the political parties, only to find that the reporter had assumed corruption only because he himself had not been elected. I watched the party official park his shining Volkswagen outside the office. He stopped before my desk and roared with laughter. 'Why don't you come yourself to our meetings,' he said; 'then you might get some accurate information?'

So the following Sunday I walked through the African locations to the edge of Nairobi, where a hideous corrugated iron hall stands behind the lines of single-room shanties. Here (far away so as not to disturb the European Sunday) the Africans hold their meetings. Two thousand were inside, another thousand pressed against the barbed wire fence. Police patrolled in groups.

From then on I was an addict. There is not much entertainment for Africans in Nairobi. Cinemas and dances are expensive, but politics is free. The Sunday afternoon meeting fulfils many functions, relieves many frustrations. The speeches are sometimes wild, sometimes surprisingly sober. (I remember absolute hush while a politician explained the theory of income-tax.) All are larded with the complicated phrases which African politicians seem to pick up in their sleep: 'bicameral system', 'concurrent legislation', 'per capita income'. There is shouting and singing and dancing in the aisles. Questions are asked but rarely answered. The police pack the doorways. Outside, the Pepsi-Cola merchants do a roaring trade. Often, as the only European present, I drew barbed remarks, but gradually they got used to me. To the police I was an enigma. They called me 'little Miss Curiosity' and passed grubby notes on which were written the departure times of boats to England.

For Sadru and me the paper became a 24-hour job. We reported all day, took work home at night. Jeremiah and Hakim watched us gloomily. For them a good paper was one finished by four o'clock on Wednesday. An edition held for a scoop – which meant working on Wednesday evening – was unmitigated gloom. And we were always holding papers for scoops. Samuel, the African compositor, shared our enthusiasm. Though he had composed for ten years in English, he could say only 'Good-morning'. In spite of this, he had an extraordinary eye for a wrong headline and would mark spelling mistakes I had missed. Samuel taught me Swahili and always appeared in my column as 'African Opinion'. One month, when the manager refused to pay us, Samuel and I sat on the pavement outside the printing works and threatened to call a strike. Samuel lived from week to week; and for him to be seven days late with his wages meant that he risked losing his house and had to borrow food from his neighbours.

We lost many of our Indian readers, of course, but circulation kept up as the Africans began to buy. Sadru hankered after culture and so one week we started a Readers' Page. 'Send in your poems and stories – tell us what YOU are thinking,' we wrote – and waited for Kenya's Langston Hughes or Amos Tutuola. We got no stories and no poems, but pages and pages of close-written hate. Why the White Highlands? Why this fancy franchise? Why discrimination? I replied soothingly, trying always to tie statement to fact; but the stream continued. Sometimes the letters were illuminating. 'I am frightened,' wrote our Kikuyu teacher, 'my people here believe that soon there will be three days of darkness when all people will die except Kikuyu, who will be masters of the world. They wait and I can teach them nothing.'

All this could not last. We had too little backing and too little money. Three important advertisements were cancelled, and the manager began to panic. There were official rumblings. For me it did not matter much. I was a wanderer with the world in front of me. For Sadru it was different. Kenya was his country and the only home he had. He lost his happiness and sat gloomily at his desk. One day I arrived to find him gone. Jeremiah told me stolidly, 'Mr Sadru has resigned'. For a few weeks I carried on, but began to plan my own journey down to South Africa. The manager received my notice with unconcealed delight.

Sadru, I heard, was at Kijabe, a village of wooden huts clinging to the side of the Rift Valley. Before I left, I went to visit him. The sky was crisp and blue, and I drove in bottom gear up the side of the mountain. Sadru met me; he was smiling and happy in jeans and sandals.

'I'm going to live here for the rest of my life,' he said.

'How will you live,' I asked.

'I'm teaching all the African children.' We walked up the hill to the famous hot spring which bubbles out into a series of rusty iron tanks and we stayed on the side of the mountain until the sun set in a glorious red glow. Then I drove back to Nairobi – and South Africa.

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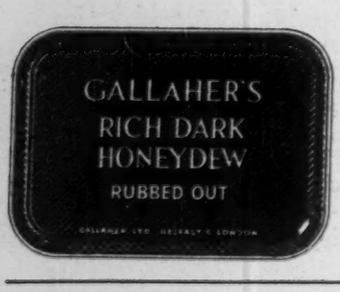

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A Little of What You Fancy

At first meeting one is suspicious of the pose: he seems to image too perfectly the 'ordinary man' of the cartoonists and sociologists. He likes, he says, simple food. He is bored by peace and quiet. He is uneasy and inarticulate in posh company. He sounds, in fact, like the skilful creation of the public relations boys, a big self-made businessman who has been told the right things to say. The shrewd eyes of the millionaire emphasise this impression. These are eyes which might weigh a proposition, measure a man's ability, see a loaded question before it leaves the mouth; but they are certainly not the eyes of the ordinary man.

Yet Billy Butlin is unordinary only in that one respect. He has dealt with some pretty tough and shady characters on his way to a fortune – not only on the fairgrounds in his early days, but also in the financing and running of later projects. He has taken it for granted that to succeed he must gamble in a big way (one of his pleasures is gambling in a small way on sporting events with his friends), and the experience has left its mark.

But one cannot be long in his company before appreciating that the dominating characteristic of the man is his simplicity and before realising that Butlin says the kind of thing he does say because he is that kind of man. In a way, Butlin defies the money he has made. He could never merge comfortably into St James's or Arlington House society. His suits, for instance, are expensive enough, but somehow they never look quite right, either because he has insisted on a colour that is not quite the thing, or else because he just does not look the right type in them; the ties and the broad-brimmed hats are at once conspicuous and tell-tale of his South African and Canadian beginnings, and his spruce, provincial moustache would never pass in White's. His voice, by the nature of his career, ought to suggest an aggressive, ruthless quality, but instead it is soft and light and at worst takes on a rasping edge.

And all such thoughts as these are probably a matter of total indifference to him. Because he has never tried to change his skin, there is no sense of strain or acting when he presents himself to his campers as the 'Billy' they have all heard about, a man with no side, a man who will share a drink and a joke, shake your hand and sign the kid's autograph book, a man like themselves. He is generous, a soft touch for spongers. He is liked for his easy manner by employees who know him personally. He often rides in the front of his limousine, alongside the chauffeur, and casually borrows cigarettes from him. His pleasures are the pleasures of the ordinary chap, extravagantly magnified. He loves sport and especially boxing. He is on the committee of the National Sporting Club, and his favourite relaxation is to take a small party there for an evening – drinking, smoking and betting on the fights. He has no intellectual interests and regards the arts with a brash scepticism. Of his daughter Cherry, when not long ago she was a student at the RADA, he said: 'I 'aven't seen her act. Her mother says she is wonderful, but I don't know about these things. I'll see her when she has finished her training. I don't mind what she does so long as she is 'appy.' But he is reported to have suffered (as indulgent fathers sometimes do) when she left him a few weeks ago to make her own way in Australia.

Butlin's success stems from his total identification of himself with his customers. He likes to be liked and, above all, he enjoys the kudos of making other people happy. He does not have to think what they want: he knows. To explain how it all began, he tells a story that is so much in tune with his personality and his career it is probably true. At any rate, it ought to be.

The drummer-boy in the Canadian army who came to Britain during the First World War, at 15, came back again in 1921, landing at Liverpool with £4 12s in his pocket. On an August day three years later, the showman with two lorries and some six fairground stalls as assets felt he would like a holiday. He took a room in a small boarding-house in Barry Island, South Wales. It was raining when he woke up the first morning. The chambermaid hovered around, waiting for him to get up so that she could do the room. At breakfast the landlady made it clear she 'encouraged' her guests to be out of the house by ten o'clock. On his way out Butlin passed the aspidistra in the hall. It was still raining. It was too cold and too wet to go on the beach; he had already seen the film being shown at the local cinema. He spent his holiday running out of the rain into shelters where other holidaymakers were singing the hit tune of the day, *It ain't gonna rain no more.*

Butlin remembered a workers' holiday camp on the edge of Lake Ontario in Canada. There, whatever the weather was like, they could still enjoy themselves. The Butlin camps that were to come years later were advertised by the slogan 'Remember, when it rains, it's always fine at Butlin's.' Billy Butlin knew what he wanted on holiday; he knew what all people like himself wanted. He took the gambles and raised the money. The first camp went up at Skegness, where he already had two amusement parks. Ten thousand people answered his first advertisement. He was on to a good thing.

His success has depended primarily upon his own instinctive understanding of his customers; but it would have been impossible if enough people had not had money and the leisure to take advantage of it. The social revolution of the Forties brought ordinary people holidays with pay, it brought them leisure and more ambitious ideas of how to use it. It brought them the full employment which meant they could spend freely without fear of finding themselves out of work and the cash-box empty. The day-trip gave way to the idea of getting away from it all for a whole week, or even a fortnight. The braces and boots on the incongruous island of sand gave place to the Miami shirt and jazzy shorts. Cautiously, Mum took off her hat, exposed her hair-do and finally jettisoned her woolly jumper.

'Let's do something a bit different this year. Give ourselves a treat – we've got the money.' Billy Butlin was at hand to oblige, with his stately, stucco pleasure-domes, where the desires of the customers and the aim of the showman were identical: to banish dull care, to relieve parents of the responsibilities and inhibitions that dog their

lives for 50 or 51 weeks of the year. 'They want something laid on a little better and a little different from in their home town,' Butlin has said. And last year 600,000 of them got it – at an average all-in charge of £14 a week for an adult. (Out of that £14 Butlin reckons to pocket about 25s. profit: on the children he makes a loss.)

The Butlin holiday is made to dispel those workaday doubts that somehow the revolution misfired, to prove that the drab routine in those dingy towns is but the shadow, that the bathing pool, the ballroom and the pedaloes are the reality. It is not a cheap holiday but on the other hand Butlin calls his establishments 'luxury camps', and who expects to get luxury on the cheap? That is all part of the treatment, the reassurance – so disappointingly lacking in most institutions of the Welfare State – that there really has been a new deal.

A Butlin's camp is a compound of successful compromises designed to flatter the customer into believing he is living it up, letting his hair down, cutting loose, without actually offending his narrow perceptions of propriety. The balance is nicely held between licence and conformity: you can be a bit of a devil without feeling ashamed or causing offence. Inebriated by the gaudy splendours, everyone is in party mood; but the fun is good and clean and discreetly directed. The aim is to make a bit of a noise – 'the neighbours can't complain . . . there's no one in the flat upstairs' – but the party stops short of rowdiness.

The pattern is predictable: the customers are still behaving as they would like to at home, if they had the space, the tolerance and the same knowledge that they had not got to go to work the next morning. And as Billy Butlin rightly insists there is no connivance at immorality or loose living. He feels his responsibility, quite genuinely it seems, for upholding popular morality. There is no reason to suspect hypocrisy in this. Butlin is a reflection of his customers: they may be living in luxury, they may now be enjoying some of the pleasures that were previously the privilege of the minority, but that does not mean they have as yet repudiated traditional criteria of behaviour, of what is all right and what is clearly and indisputably wrong.

Billy Butlin has no dangerous ideas about leading public taste; he is dedicated to giving his customers what they want. Besides he believes that what they want *is* good taste and he turns a very conservative eye upon any suggestion of experiment or change. Better food? 'We have the best cooks in the world in England. When the continentals come to my camps, we might put in a bit more grease on the food, that's all.' And it is clear that he is giving the customers what they want – even if what they want is to him a little odd.

He finds small difficulty in reconciling his role as Britain's Holiday Camp King with his promotion of a travel agency and of hotels in the south of France and the West Indies. 'Most people don't make a second trip abroad. Nothing can be more boring than to go abroad when the weather is bad. Just think of going to a strange country where you can't speak the language – it rains, you go to the pictures and you can't understand a word. It's a misery. I know, I've tried it.' As for his hotels in the Bahamas and Bermuda, 'they're not run very different from my hotels in this country – but 99 per cent. of the customers are American; they've paid a lot of money to get there; they expect better service and I give it to them'.

Billy Butlin is the ordinary man triumphant and unassailable, as intellectuals and snobs who try to patronise him soon find out. 'Well, of course, if you want a *quiet* time. . . . But what's the use of going on a mountain by yourself so that you get claustrophobia by hearing a footstep on the next mountain. You want to go and mix with ordinary people – enjoy yourself and get some good food.'

The Arts and Entertainment

The Mantle of MacCarthy

My dear Alvarez,

I am delighted to hear that it is you who are to succeed me as dramatic critic. May I extend a warm welcome to our much envied and much maligned profession? Dramatic criticism has, I suppose, rather gone down in the world in the last two decades. The exigencies of popular newspaper economics have forced too many of our colleagues to sandwich only a thin layer of criticism between large slices of celebrity reporting and glamour gossip. They deserve pity. But there still remain a few journals and newspapers which encourage their critics to practise their craft honourably. You (and I too in my new position) are among the lucky few accredited to such papers. It is up to us to use our opportunities.

It will probably frighten you a good deal less than it did me when I succeeded, to be reminded that you are inheriting the mantle of Desmond MacCarthy, who was my predecessor and the first dramatic critic of this paper. My alarm was justified when you remember that he was among the best dramatic critics who ever wrote, and, as I have always thought, *the* best. The qualities that he brought to his criticism are, I suppose, now out of fashion – his unfailing courtesy and extreme charity certainly are. The admired critics of our day trace their descent more nearly from James Agate, his colleague in those years. They were of opposite schools, and personally I am sorry to see the Agate school now prevailing. Desmond MacCarthy was a man of the world, of very wide sympathies and very broad interests, as much at home talking to Asquith as writing about Shaw. He could place the theatre in a wide context. To Agate the theatre was life itself, and everything else was secondary to it. In the theatre world he aimed to be, and became a star (and often exhibited the worst kind of star behaviour). His primary concern was to put himself on the theatrical map, and keep himself there.

I grant that he could also be a very good critic. Personality-mongering would not have got him where he was by itself. But personality-mongering was his vice, as it is the vice of our profession. Agate was primarily interested in Agate and his own antics on paper. Desmond MacCarthy was primarily interested in the play and the performance, intensely and concentratedly so, from start to finish. To go to the theatre with him was a lesson in playgoing. His absorption was complete, and the intervals were devoted exclusively to an analysis of what we had seen and speculation about what was to come. And his article, when it came to be written, transcribed this absorption. It didn't have to begin with egotistical flourishes: there was no posturing, or moving into the central position, no hugging of the limelight, none of that look-how-clever-I-am, with the emphasis on the I. Of course he had transcendent gifts, and 'wrote like an angel', so he didn't have to force himself to be smart or to show off, in order to catch and keep the reader's attention.

It might be argued, with some justice, that he was lucky to be practising at a time when one genius (Shaw) was first coming before the public, and when another (Chekhov) was virtually unknown to, and certainly incomprehensible to, British audiences. It is hard to remember now that Chekhov when he was first produced over here was as baffling as Beckett; and Shaw, too, was generally misunderstood. Desmond MacCarthy had the chance (and he was himself well aware of how lucky he was to have it) of playing the most satisfying role the critic can play – that of interpreter between the theatre and his readers. The popular conception of the critic is of an arbitrary judge, pronouncing his absolute 'yes' or 'no' or 'not proven'. Well, there may have been critics who filled this role, but I have never met one. It is a misconception forced on us by the accidental conditions of the occupation. Unfortunately the critic's verdict is of vital importance to any theatrical venture, since it is the first (and most obvious) way of gauging success or failure; but the critics would be the first to deplore the exaggerated importance that comes to be attached to what are in the last analysis only personal reactions and snap judgments.

The inevitable result is that the critic is often regarded by the theatre itself as its first enemy

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when he really should be its best friend. He is, or should be, not a judge (much less a knocker) but an interpreter between the theatre and the public. The public is by nature conservative and timid. What it thinks it wants is to see again exactly the same thing it enjoyed last time. It has to be persuaded to try something else and it is the critic's business to persuade it. With new and difficult authors or new and strange methods of production or unusual styles of acting, he may have to interpret quite literally, and then he may have the satisfaction of knowing that he has introduced his readers to tastes and pleasures which but for him they might have resisted or overlooked. To call attention to interesting new talent in a playwright, a player, a producer or a designer is, as Desmond MacCarthy often used to insist to me, the most rewarding part of a critic's job. And more, as he used to go on, there is in almost every production of any kind however bad, something interesting, some piece of writing, some piece of timing, some piece of staging that is well done. There are those who think that he carried this belief too far, and was apt to make even the very inferior sound so interesting that it amounted to deception of the customers.

It was a fault on the right side. But a critic has (as the theatre sometimes forgets) his duty to his readers too. There is a two-way traffic in interpretation. The critic must voice the public's dissatisfaction as well as its satisfactions. The prevailing vice of the English theatre – perhaps indeed of all theatres – is cannibalism. Theatre people tend to live off one another in a world of their own, and the critic sometimes has the duty of harshness in reminding them of the fact. But for this very reason the theatre is better served by a critic like MacCarthy who wrote from outside it than one who like Agate wrote from too much within.

I am sure you will agree with me – or you would not have taken on a job which otherwise would be only a tiresome chore – that the theatre at the moment gives the interpretative critic a very wide scope indeed. It has at its top some of the finest acting talent you could hope to see; it has a particularly large crop of vital young directors; it abounds with young actors and actresses of exceptional promise waiting to be noticed; there has seldom, if ever, been so good a chance for an embryo playwright to get his work performed (which doesn't mean to say that it isn't still very difficult); the standard of design, production, lighting and so on has never been so universally high. The theatre, in fact, is perhaps at last getting its fair share of the interest of the imaginative and inventive young. There is even, I believe, a potential new audience – I mean among those who buy Penguins and queue for art exhibitions and the Festival Hall. The more playwrights like John Osborne who speak their language, are discovered, the more they are likely to be wooed into the theatre and once there they will find that plays like *The Iceman Cometh* and *Death* and even *Lear* speak to them too. The critic can play an important and even a vital, role in bringing this about; and to have the chance of doing so will be your reward.

May I finally pass on to you two concrete pieces of advice that Desmond MacCarthy gave to me? Never, he begged me, however sorely tempted you may be (as indeed you often will be) use your position to score off actors and actresses. It was advice which I didn't always take, I confess. But on the few (I hope) occasions when I forgot it, I always bitterly regretted it. The players are at your mercy. Like the pianist, they are doing their best, and it is their life and their living you are indulging your wit at the expense of. Your evident duty to be truthful does not include being smart about their personal appearance or their mannerisms. I know Shaw was: but genius has its excuses. Better to lose what strikes you as a good joke than injure your fellows in their vital interests.

Secondly, he used to say: The best is the enemy of the good. Don't use masterpieces to batter lesser things with. You will be lucky if you meet a great work once in two years. Welcome the good of its kind, whatever its kind. I warn you that that's rare enough. But if you can't enjoy Robert Morley at his best, Dora Bryan at her most outrageous or even Johnnie Ray at his most mournful, as well as Brecht and Joan Littlewood and Adamov, you are in for a rough ride.

T. C. WORSLEY

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Brecht and the Amateurs

WE have taken a long time to catch up on Brecht, almost as long as we took with Kafka. And it will be still longer before he is much more than an OK name, a couple of plays and some vague theories. From the minute bit of the iceberg that is in view, he seems, in his range, perception and intellectual command, to be one of the most gifted writers of our time, and he is rapidly becoming, translated or not, one of the most influential.

His appeal, where it is not wholly political, owes a lot to his theories. And on these the experts, who are the only people qualified to know, do not agree. The rest of us can only judge by the ways the theories are used. His famous principle of *Verfremdung*, for example: of the distancing of the actor from his part, of breaking that theatrical illusion which mesmerises the audience into a witless passivity. It is the means, as Mr John Willett suggests in his study of Brecht, 'of achieving critical detachment'. Puzzling enough in the abstract. But I wonder if at bottom it is much more than the impatience of an extraordinarily intelligent artist with the conceit and tantrums of his cast. From the start he was at loggerheads with the *prima donna* temperament. Mr Willett quotes a memoir of Brecht's first disastrous attempt to direct important actors:

> in came this thin, rather undersized Augsburger and told them in dry, clearly articulated syllables that all their work was so much crap. There were fearful explosions. . . .

Perhaps this was the irritant at the centre of all his theories. After all, the only unusual feature of the Berliner Ensemble was that no one tried to upstage anyone else. Even the great Helen Weigel seemed, unlike our own *grandes dames*, quite unperturbed to be out of the limelight.

Brecht, in short, is not for the hamsters. Consequently, he is becoming increasingly popular with amateur groups. The Oxford University Labour Club, for example, recently staged *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*. They did so in the teeth of a good deal of fatuous opposition. All praise, then to the Club's initiative; but the play, unfortunately, needs more than that. It is a difficult work and, I think, a faulty one. It stops in mid-flow to tell another story altogether, and the second story is hardly more than a conventional case-history of common-sense proletarian justice in action. Brecht, in fact, breaks off his tragic parable about goodness in an unjust world and then patches the affair together again with a didactic happy ending. He transforms it into a kind of political pantomime, with a proletarian fairy godfather coming to the rescue at the last improbable moment.

The OULC's mistake was to play the thing wholly for its political lesson, as their unfortunate programme note explained:

> We are doing this play because we believe that culture is a part of politics, and because we are enthusiastic.

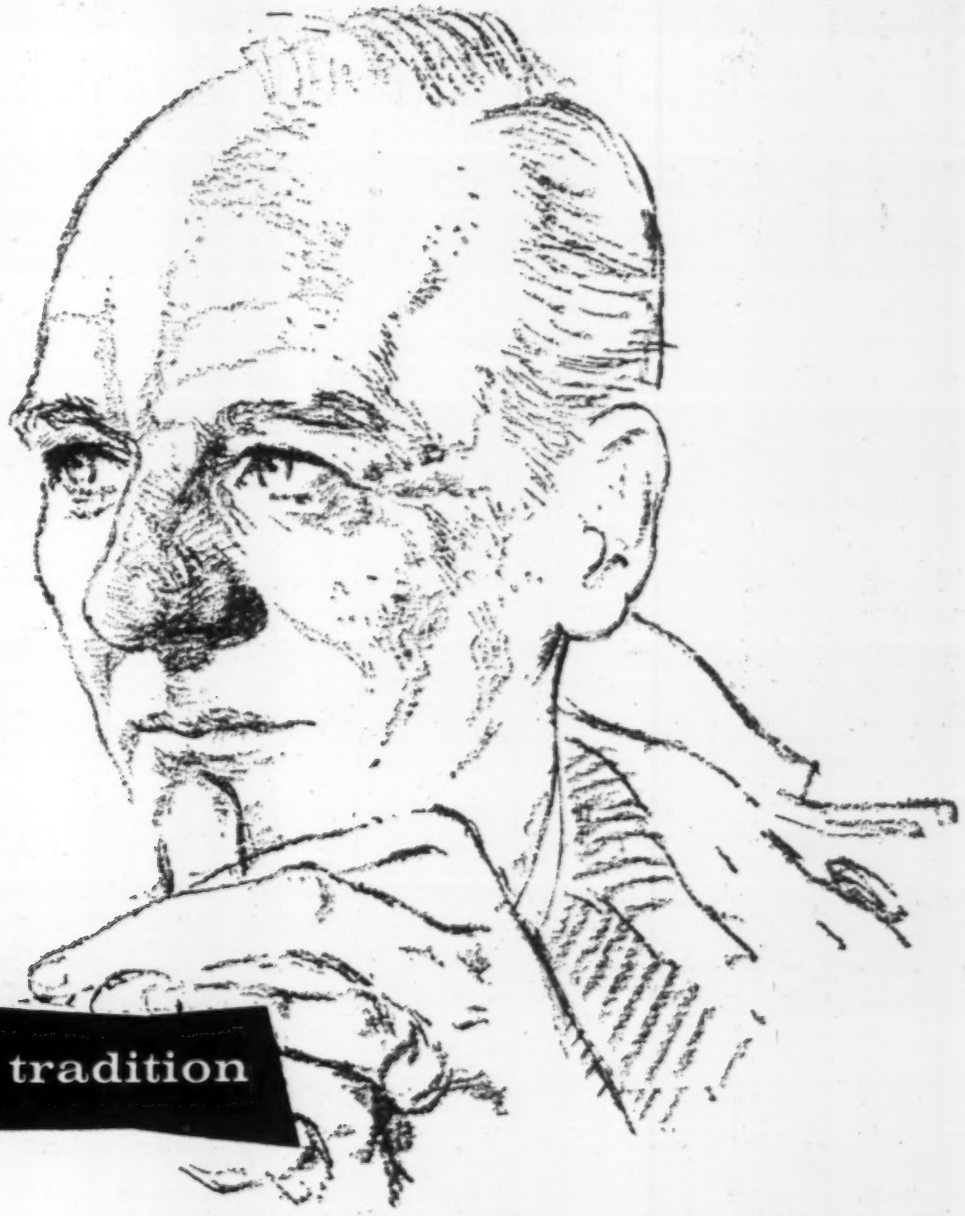
Anything goes, apparently, provided the moral is good enough. It is as though Brecht's 'V-Effect' were nothing more than an excuse for bad acting. It is not. It merely transfers the final responsibility for the play's success from the stars to the producer. It is up to the latter to show that there is a controlling intelligence behind every detail. This, alas, Mr Christopher Williams failed to do. The crowds shuffled aimlessly on and off; the actors, with three exceptions, moved and spoke with that curiously embarrassed stoop, tremble, squeak and pause that is the mark of slipshod rehearsing; the grouping was untidy and the pace ragged. Mercifully, the three main parts were very well handled. Mr Dennis Potter as Azdak and Mr Roger Smith, the Ironshirt Corporal, acted with real vigour and conviction, while Miss Margaret Forster was beautifully cast as Grusha. Her acting was not particularly polished, but she seemed to command a natural tenderness, warmth and sense of life that made sense of the whole ramshackle affair.

In contrast, the amateur Tavistock Repertory Company's production of *The Good Woman of Setzuan* at the Tower Theatre was a perfect example of how to stage Brecht. Obviously, the Tavistock Company is better equipped and has far greater resources of acting talent than the OULC. Miss Myfanwy May, the Good Woman, is an actress of real ability, with great flexibility of tone. Her final harsh scream for help was a powerful dramatic coup. And she was splendidly backed up by the rest of the cast, especially by Messrs Ronald Eyre, George Spaul and William James. Mr Eyre, in particular, is one of those peculiarly rare birds, a natural comic.

The occasion was made, however, by the producer, Mr David Thompson. He had drilled his amateur company until every detail became part of the total artistic effect. The only awkward pause came between scenes, when a curtain stuck. By his grouping, movement and lighting he achieved a visual excitement normally quite out of the range of amateur productions. But, most important, the technical excellence was merely an outward visible sign of the intelligence that had gone into his interpretation of the play. If Mr Thompson was a stickler for detail, that was only because he understood what the play was about. This has little to do with cut-and-dried political dogma. Instead, it is a question of coming to terms with the moral implications of the drama.

The moral is that Brecht's work is less a test of the actors than of the producer (he was, of course, his own producer). The cast's business is to give in to him, to avoid hamming, avoid merely showing off their skill, so that they can better serve the intelligence controlling the work. Maybe this is easier for amateurs than professionals; they have less to show off. But without a very intelligent producer, neither will get far with Brecht.

God Bless the Guv'nor, by Ted Willis, at the Unity Theatre is politics of quite another order. It is a boisterous, old-fashioned burlesque on the theme of 'The Twin Evils of Strong Drink and Trade Unionism'. The satire is of the simplest kind: the case against the unions is ridiculous



In the great tradition

His first television appearance

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On March 31st, 22 million viewers will be able to watch ATV's 'Play of the Week', with Sir John Gielgud fresh from the immense personal triumph of his American tour. For his world television debut, Sir John has chosen to appear in N. C. Hunter's play 'A Day by the Sea' which ran for 387 performances at the Haymarket Theatre. In the television production, Sir John will be appearing in the company of Gladys Cooper and Margaret Leighton. Once again, in a network production on Independent Television, ATV make theatrical history.

ATV

ASSOCIATED TELEVISION LIMITED Television House, London

simply because it stands for all that is virtuous in the melodrama. The villain of the piece, who twists his moustache, makes threatening asides, has designs on the heroine, drives her foster-father to drink and her old mum into the bosom of Abraham, has hit town simply to organise the workers. And he boozes, of course, on the union funds. After the usual machinations, the heroine is saved by a dashing young capitalist and the reign of peace and poverty returns. On the first night the show dragged a bit; it seemed under-rehearsed. But nobody seemed to mind the muffed lines and awkward pauses. The audience hissed and cheered with abandon. It was like being at some great family romp. A few weeks ago the Unity Theatre was about to collapse. Now it appears very much alive again. And it will remain so, provided *God Bless the Guv'nor* has the success it deserves.

A. ALVAREZ

Dolling Up

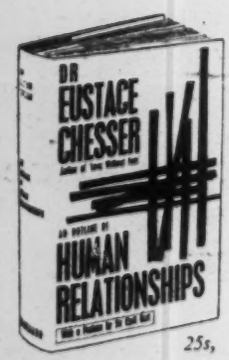
I HAD wondered, in my innocence, how they would tackle Faulkner. Need I have worried? Someone, perhaps, did read *The Sound and the Fury*, and was very careful not to let anyone else into the secret. He sat down to write the sort of script *he* would have written given similar characters and situations. Why, it was the old Deep South! A decaying pillared house! A halfwit! A breakaway teenage girl! Deserted child of a never seen, long lost daughter gone light! (Bring her back.) Bullied by the stepson who keeps everything from falling apart! (He must fall in love with her.) Make it tough and sentimental and starry and fey. Ennoble the Negro, glamourise and off-beat the White. CinemaScope, Eastman Color, and, of course, Music—Drowsy South to Primitive Nature Stirring, from Rape Ahoy (but never Aboard) to Dear Old Days. Get cracking!

And so inevitably *The Sound and Fury* (Carlton) was born: 'A Blistering Story of Love and Transgression that Breaks the Unwritten Commandment'. What's that? Presumably, Thou Shalt Not Covet thy Faulkner, nor his Proust nor his Joyce. One foresees the *Ulysses* that will have Kirk Douglas as its hero, hidden Oirish Choruses, and a Mollie Bloom (Rita Hayworth) whose final monologue will be monosyllabic. Anyway, here's Faulkner dolled up, a mixture of Erskine Caldwell without the lark, O'Neill without tragedy, and something of Kazan before he really knew what he was after. It will seem to the average cinemagoer pretty good value, because sex is stirring under the lash, there are woods and a fairground, music savages the mild breast, and stars fill the most unexpected roles. Miss Margaret Leighton (can it be?) comes back as a tart-mother, who has dragged the name of Compson down, and she does it damn well, with an accent one presumes to be sheer street-corner. Then a newcomer, Joanne Woodward, is the girl bursting out, all that a girl bursting out should be, except that we may feel she's a couple of years older. And then Yul Brynner with hair. In these circumstances he could hardly dare otherwise, and his accent is explained by the fact that Françoise Rosay is his mother. In fact, they all do pretty well—unless one happens to think of Faulkner. *His* sound and fury started from the ruminations of an idiot, who here utters not a sound, lives on milk, looks deaf, and is quietly packed off to an asylum.

You may not care about Faulkner; I don't particularly; but it does seem to me a bit early to be doing Baroness Orczy stuff about Hungary. *The Journey* (Empire), scripted by Paul Tabori, does just this. In his favour are the facts that the Russians aren't made out to be beasts and that the film was made only *just* outside the Iron Curtain; against him is that his Russian hero (Yul Brynner—bald again) can't resist dying for an English aristocrat. Probably he's the first Russian to have done so for a century. However, here he is, on a frontier post at the time of 'the troubles', hated and shot at by partisans, obeying orders, riding about at night on a black horse, and enslaved by Lady X (Deborah Kerr), who is smuggling a wounded Hungarian over the frontier—most incompetently. When asked by her fellow travellers to do a Maupassant by sleeping with the Russian captain, she gets away with a kiss. Hurrah! And he gets a partisan bullet. So all—except for Hungary, USSR, etc.—ends happily.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Dr. EUSTACE CHESSER



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HEINEMANN

Mixed Company

LUDMILLA TCHERINA, a glamorous and talented ballerina, directing her own company, has most understandably surrounded herself with a collection of handsome male partners, whose legs alone would drive the Royal Ballet audiences mad with excitement. The fact that they are also admirable artists and technicians makes us wonder if there is not something seriously wrong with the English ballet training for boys. How do so many foreigners acquire these athletic, perfectly balanced muscles, this power and spring? How do they communicate such spontaneous vitality, whereas our English men incline to spindle shanks, a soft, pampered kind of gesture and cynical, artificial mannerisms? In her first progamme for the four weeks' season at the Cambridge Theatre, Mlle Tcherina has little to offer but herself, her men and the decor of *The Lovers of Teruel*. These are all excellent, but the other effects are undisciplined and weak. Film producers have dabbled with scenarios, there are adaptors, text writers and directors, besides the normal number of choreographers, musicians and designers. Basically the conceptions of the three light-hearted ballets are silly; there is nothing but feeble, French fantasy of a very commonplace nature.

The Lovers of Teruel, on the other hand, is a tragedy of some weight. Strolling players set up their curtain beside a railway line, where the smoke of the trains belches round an iron bridge, on to the actors in their tawdry costumes, on to the audience and the drama of a girl married to the wrong man. It is the design of the black-grey setting, with its central stair and one red signal, that gives the ballet most of its grim, poetic atmosphere. Mlle Tcherina is highly melodramatic as the woman who, torn by emotions, at last jumps from the bridge into the smoke of an oncoming express. She grovels on the floor, and rolls her eyes in a traditional style that does not offend my sensibilities: in fact I enjoy foaming at the mouth when efficiently managed, and Mlle Tcherina is beautifully efficient. The sensationalism and realism are cleverly played off against each other; but the main fault, as with all the other works, lies in a dearth of choreographic ideas.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Love and Intelligence

EXCEPT possibly in Spain, there can be in Europe no sharper contrast between 'tourists' paradise' and squalid slum than that found by the discerning in and around the glittering city of Palermo. One man who discerned it, and was moved to do something about it, is Danilo Dolci, 'the Gandhi of Sicily'. He is still only 35 years old, and it is only nine years since he first went from his home in the prosperous north to the wretched Sicilian town of Partinico; yet his work there is so well established, and his methods have been so spectacularly unlike those customary in the West—yet, often, so effective—that he fully deserves the hour-long documentary with which the BBC honoured him in the Home Service on Sunday.

The background was well suggested—a tarantella on the flute, statistics of poverty-induced crime: Partinico is the next place to Giuliano's home-town, and in some of these villages eight out of ten of the adult males have served more than a year in jail. What they may be sent there for was shown by the case-history of the shepherd-boy found by Dolci in prison: 'being hungry makes you kill yourself, makes you do dreadful things' . . . so he stole two bunches of herbs, and got a sentence of four years and twenty days. (He was puzzled because they did not put down his statement in writing but on 'a machine that went ting-ting-ting.') Official figures of illiteracy are misleading: you are not counted as illiterate if you can spell a word out slowly, letter by letter. But then, if all that the officials told you about Sicily were true, Dolci's work would be unnecessary.

Police corruption, mass-arrest, torture with salt water, 'acceptance' taught by reactionary or venal priests, popular fear of hospitals, the tradition of the vendetta and of violence as a social duty (so that a girl had to kill her unfaithful lover because the community expected it of her): this absorbing programme gave us the lot. It was also made clear that there had been some improvement: some official help had come, especially at election-times. Would it have come if Dolci had not stirred the conscience of many Italians by his fasts, his

writings, his 'strike-in-reverse' (organising the unemployed to build a road and demanding their just wage for doing so)?

Because Sicilian society is so extreme an example of a society in which violence is endemic and, through the Mafia, respectable, the most interesting aspect of Dolci's experiment is his insistence on the doctrine and techniques of non-violence. It may have been the very nature of the situation that disposed him to so drastic an opposite course. His 'Gandhism' is extreme indeed: in jail, eaten by bugs, he refused the gift of a tin of DDT because there wasn't enough for him to share it equally with the other prisoners (though not, one gathered from the BBC version of the anecdote, out of reverence for the bugs' right to life). The programme included some reflections on Dolci by Aldous Huxley, who found in him the too-rare combination of love and intelligence: 'Love without intelligence is impotent, intelligence without love is quite often malignant.' It emphasised, too, the still point in the midst of the storm – the notable serenity of the 'agitator' hounded, and deprived of his passport, by the Italian Establishment.

It was a relief to switch to this purely aural study of a man of true sensitivity from the horrible sugar-coated hokum of Barrie's *Mary Rose*. ('Delicate charm and humour' was the *Radio Times* euphemism.) Daphne Slater did her best with the intolerable girl, though perhaps too healthy-looking a dumpling, and insufficiently fey; but the most accomplished actress can hardly be convincing when she has to apostrophise a rock she has once sat on as 'My ownest seat'; or hear, without wincing, her young man give vent to such slang-that-never-was as 'Honest injun! We'll be *nailers*.'

TOM DRIBERG

Correspondence

POPULATION AND SCIENCE

SIR,—It is strange that the discussion of population problems should still be circling round estimates of food supplies. The urgent problem is not the ultimate numbers that the planet may or may not be able to support but the present cost of growth. There are patches of the earth's surface – notably in the USSR – where on any reasonable criterion it would be positively beneficial to have a greater density of population, but that has nothing to do with the case. A community aiming to increase its agricultural and industrial productivity and its standards of housing, health and education, has to provide capital equipment for all its existing members. The task is harder the more rapidly members are growing, and, for a given effort put into investment, the result will be greater the smaller the rate of growth. An effort which would produce, say, a 40 per cent. improvement for a stationary population, over a five-year plan period, would give only 22 per cent. benefit per head if population were meanwhile growing by 15 per cent. How is it possible to deny that growing numbers are a great burden or that, for a country making the first strenuous efforts to escape from poverty, the burden may be crushing?

It is no answer to say that the early stages of development require more than all the hands (if they could be properly organised) that are available. A high birth rate is no remedy for a shortage of labour. Children born during a first five-year plan will begin to make their contribution in the fourth and fifth when, if all has gone well, it will not be urgently needed. Meanwhile they have required care which has been a drain upon the economy's woman power, or have suffered for the lack of it.

Professor Bernal is evidently incensed by those who proclaim that birth control is the *only* remedy for poverty and so make an excuse to do nothing to help the underdevolped countries, but how does it help to allow this right and proper indignation to lead him into sophistries? (For instance – 'whether the people of two or three centuries ahead will want such numbers is their business.' What are they to do if they do not – drown some?)

In the unholy alliance between the extreme Left and the Catholics against reasonable discussion of population policy it is hard to choose which is the more obscurantist.

JOAN ROBINSON

Cambridge

SIR,—Professor Bernal's letter to meet your challenge on population raises more questions than it settles. Perhaps he could answer two. If, owing to the 'new powers science has put into our hands', the 'reasons for crowding no longer exist', why does Russia urbanise today at a rate that rivals the past achievement of capitalist countries? And does Dr Bernal really think that the cities growing fastest today grow because they are ports, or on coal fields? Many, in fact, fit neither description.

Fifty years ago we rejoiced to learn that electrical power would decentralise industry. If anything, it did the opposite. Are the 'new powers' of science so very different?

P SARGENT FLORENCE

The Johns Hopkins University
Baltimore

SIR,—Professor Bernal's letter on population is preposterous. Of course we do not like to think of starving millions. That is why we regard it as essential that the underdeveloped countries should develop their economies and why we should make real sacrifices to help them to do so. It is also the reason why we hope for some slowing of the present rate of population growth, which, if unchecked, must make any improvement in living standards very much more difficult. Why should Bernal imply that there is some incompatability between these attitudes? Anyone would think he was a Catholic spokesman.

Probably few can feel Professor Bernal's confidence that there is no limit to the food this earth can produce. Even supposing that the food problem can be solved, however, the idea of a world population 'hundreds of times what it is at present' is appalling. It is all very well to talk about man spreading out over 'all the most agreeable parts of land and sea'. The reason why these places are agreeable now is that they are not packed with people. Of what, one wonders, will the unlimited human progress, to which Bernal looks forward, consist? One of the first things that people strive for as their standards rise is more space. The Chinese may not think themselves overcrowded now, but what will they think when they have as many cars per head as the Americans?

J. R. S. FINCHAM

13 Central Avenue
Leicester

LABOUR'S OBSTACLES

SIR,—Labour must be suffering a great disadvantage from the massive publicity which the Conservatives are getting now, at a time when a general election is so near. Mr Macmillan has been having unprecedented publicity and uplift in the press. It is all praise and the public is never told such matters as, say (1) that Suez cost £250 millions, without getting back the Canal, (2) that Cyprus and Jordan also cost many millions and bloodshed, (3) that his legislation has been mainly for the wealthy, (4) that the high Bank rates have cost the taxpayer something approaching £1,000 millions, (5) that these high rates have been imposed to appease the financiers who have often shown their readiness to sabotage our economy.

Almost every news bulletin and even the brief news summaries of the BBC give Mr Macmillan prominence, and time and time again television pictures have shown him getting in or out of aeroplanes making speeches of his achievements, although completely unenlightening, and smiling as if he were the friend of one and all. His activities have been acclaimed in other BBC programmes, *Tonight*, the *Brains Trust* and *At Home and Abroad*. Even the commentator of the England and Scotland match at Twickenham referred to him and I gathered that if he had not been in the USA he would have been at Twickenham like Royalty to shake hands with the teams before 70,000 voters.

Other ministers have been having a very full share of publicity in the press and on the radio. I see that Mr Butler is to make a television political broadcast in Holy Week on the eve of the Norfolk by-election. Although the Tory candidates there and at Harrow refused to appear in an election broadcast on television and thereby prevented their rivals from appearing, full prominence was given on television to the Tory candidate being wildly acclaimed by his supporters after his win at Harrow.

B. W. DALE

27 Ridgeway Road
Salisbury

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TRAFALGAR SQUARE 2.30 p.m.

EASTER MONDAY TO

CAMPAIGN FOR NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

SHALL WE HELP MR GAITSKELL?

SIR,—Many of your correspondents on this subject have emphasised the issue of Nuclear Disarmament.

I would like to see the Labour Party win the next election, but also on the question of colonies. The lives of the peoples of the British colonies are affected substantially by the decisions of the British parliament, and yet they have no voice in electing the members of that parliament. The vast majority of the colonial people want the Labour Party to win. Since we have no voting rights we have to rely on the British voters in the United Kingdom. I make a request, through your esteemed weekly, to the British voters to keep our wishes in their mind. I would like to tell them that by voting Labour they will be helping the colonial peoples tremendously.

K. P. SHAH

Nairobi
Kenya

NATURAL BREAKS

SIR,—Need we take Mr Gorer very seriously on natural breaks? On the very day he wrote in *The Times* that 'in 2,000 interviews administered to a stratified sample' he had found 'no expressed dislike of the television break', a Gallup Poll, in the *News Chronicle*, confirming the common knowledge of us all, showed that the vast mass of ITV viewers (81 per cent.) dislike the breaks.

Where did Mr Gorer go wrong? A careful re-reading of his *Times* letter reveals the surprising fact that Mr Gorer did not ask his 2,000 interviewees about the breaks. If he had, some 1,600 of them would no doubt have said they disliked them. But as none of them was asked, none gave an opinion, and Mr Gorer can proclaim with literal accuracy, though not with perfect truth, that out of 2,000 interviews not one ITV viewer 'expressed dislike' of the breaks.

This disingenuous statement has already given solace to the hard-pressed friends of Admass, and has been quoted appreciatively in the House by the Postmaster-General.

Mr Gorer's handling of his facts is just the kind of thing that makes so many people suspicious of advertisers and their defenders.

In his letter to your journal Mr Gorer defends the breaks by attacking the motives of those who are campaigning against them. He repeats obliquely the charge he made directly in *The Times*—that I myself gain some personal advantage as a broadcaster by attacking ITV. But no TV broadcaster can gain any personal advantage from disqualifying himself from appearing on ITV; and in any case I voluntarily gave up TV broadcasting over five months ago in order to concentrate on other work.

CHRISTOPHER MAYHEW

House of Commons

AFRICAN MASSACRE

SIR,—'The wholesale massacre of natives which is now going on in South Africa, under the pretext of suppressing a rebellion which does not exist, fills one with shame and horror.'

This sentence is taken from a letter which appeared in the *Central African Times*. The writer was Keir Hardie, the date 25 August 1906.

ALEX BERNSTEIN

St John's College
Cambridge

ASHFORD CHACE HANGERS

SIR,—The decision of the Minister of Housing and Local Government to designate as an area of outstanding natural beauty part of the county of Shropshire is encouraging to me as a member of the group of people here who have started an appeal to save Wheatham Hill which is an integral part of the Ashford Chace Hangers previously owned by the late Lord Horder.

Through local pressure in the last few months the Hampshire County Council is to become the owner of Stoner Hill and the Shoulder of Mutton Hill, but a tree preservation order did not prevent permission being given to fell the trees on Wheatham Hill.

While eagerly awaiting the hoped for decision of the Minister of Housing and Local Government to designate the Hampshire Hangers as an area of outstanding natural beauty, the Wheatham Hill appeal has been launched to acquire these beech trees, to prevent the clear felling, which was certain until a week ago, when on request the present owners, a company of timber merchants, agreed to postpone the felling for three weeks. Already many trees are down from surrounding slopes.

There is a national problem here—that such a last-minute appeal should be necessary in this case, as it has been in others surely points to a serious and vulnerable gap either in town and country powers or in their use.

The Wheatham Hill appeal address is A. T Sykes, Red House, Cockshott Lane, Froxfield, Petersfield, Hants.

MARY W. JOLL

Liss, Hants

COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL

SIR,—I write as a man who has had five years' experience as a teacher and four years as a guidance counsellor in public schools (in this country such schools are operated by local government agencies). The school in which I work draws its students from what is primarily a working-class population. We attempt to provide a programme for students preparing for colleges, apprenticeships, business and clerical occupations, technical training and home-making. While not doing a perfect job we do, it seems to me, a rather good job of it. I gather that this would roughly correspond to a Comprehensive school. Contrary to what may be seen in the films, we have on the whole well-behaved youngsters. The student leaders are drawn from all curricula (known as academic, business education and general). Thus those capable of social achievement are given the opportunity in competition with their fellows of demonstrating their talents.

It seems to me that the most telling argument for the Comprehensive school is overlooked. Schools tend to reflect the society's idealised concept of itself. With this in mind I am forced to conclude that the Grammar schools originated when the British accepted and thought proper a stratified society with little social mobility. I gather this concept is no longer accepted as correct. If this is true it must follow that it is no longer possible to deny the Comprehensive school its proper role.

Certainly there will be problems and perfect results are not assured. But can anyone maintain that the traditional system has been perfect? Who can assay the loss to the nation of what we term 'late starters' and those who for class reasons have been unable to demonstrate their potential abilities?

DAVID L. FISHER

Glen Burnie
Maryland

SOVIET EDUCATION

SIR,—One would expect in a review of Deana Levin's book, *Soviet Education Today*, to find it pointed out that by the time of its publication the book was already out of date. Yet your reviewer in the issue of 28 February is apparently unaware that the educational plans and policies which he faithfully reports from the book were abandoned almost two years ago, and meanwhile a reform of the educational system has been worked out and is now being implemented. In particular, the aim of introducing compulsory education from seven to 17 by 1960 has been abandoned and the compulsory age limit fixed at 15. Thus the book reviewed has now an almost purely historical interest. However, even in this light it is apparently not altogether reliable (unless the error has crept into the review). It is stated that the point of departure of Soviet education (presumably 1917) was that of over three-quarters of the population illiterate: but in fact the 1897 census gave the literacy figure as 27 per cent. (urban 38 per cent.) and the available estimates for 1914 give literacy at about 40 per cent.

PATRICIA UTECHIN

14 St Anne's Road
Oxford

JOURNALISTIC STANDARDS

SIR,—I should like to express my great appreciation of Critic's comment last week about the 'noble journalistic quest' conducted after the recent announcement in the *London Gazette* of a change of name following a sex transformation. In this case my firm acted as London agents for the solicitors to the person concerned. Between us we had gone to a good deal of trouble to endeavour to avoid any unnecessary publicity. In addition to the incidents mentioned by Critic, on the day of the publication of the *London Gazette*, three of my partners were telephoned between 10 p.m. and midnight for information about this case and in addition either on that evening or the following day all four partners in the firm instructing us were telephoned for information and one of the partners was deceived into seeing a reporter. The fact that solicitors are bothered on such an occasion is in my opinion much less important than the incidents referred to by Critic, and I only mention them to complete the picture.

D. E. MORRIS

Chesham Bois, Bucks.

PRISONERS ON LEAVE

SIR,—Critic's recent remarks on pre-release leave were of special interest to me. I am an ex-prisoner and it was only because of the offer of hospitality

Encounter

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Stuart Holroyd
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from a complete stranger that I was able to take leave. I spent the major part of my sentence in an open prison where we had that rarest of all species—an enlightened, human and helpful Assistant Governor. He had, through letters in the press, compiled a list of people (alas, all too few) who had offered hospitality to men without homes and I went to one of them.

After three years in prison I was afraid and distrustful of the outside world. I was met with kindness, consideration and friendship. I had interviews arranged with prospective employers by the Assistant Governor and from one of them I received an offer of a job on release.

During my leave I recovered my self-confidence and felt I could again face life outside prison walls and I was imbued with a determination to make every possible effort to live a useful life. And all because I was able to take leave through the kindliness of my host.

There are many men in prison who are in the same position as I was and anyone who can offer them hospitality for a week's leave will be doing something really worth while.

W. T. N.

INFORMATION, PLEASE

SIR,—In response to Miss Marghanita Laski's request for information, may I enlighten her as follows:

As a man, I am quite unashamed of the emotional thrill which I feel when contemplating the purchase of a new motor car. As a husband, I find it in no way obnoxious that my wife should become excited about buying a new dress. As a hosiery manufacturer I must report, as a fact, that the demand for blue stockings has never been high.

E. PHILIP ALLEN
Advertising Director

Aristoc Limited
Nottingham

UNIONS AND POLITICS

SIR,—The admirable profile of Arthur Horner contains an error. You write: 'After Taff Vale, when the unions were told that they could not give financial support to the Labour Party.' It was the Osborne Judgment of 1909 that made it impossible for the trade unions to contribute to the fund of a political party. Both cases concerned the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants.

I am doing research on this union up to 1907. If any of your readers can throw any light on individual union leaders or on the history of the ASRS I shall be grateful if they would let me know. I will return safely all material sent to me.

PARTHA S. GUPTA

158 Elgin Avenue, W9

ISAAC ROSENBERG

SIR,—The University of Leeds are holding an exhibition, from 20 April, of the works of Isaac Rosenberg and they would appreciate the loan of any letters, manuscripts, sketches, drawings, paintings or information about anyone who may have such material. The University will be responsible for their safe-keeping and return. They should be sent direct to me.

ANNIE WYNICK

317a, Neasden Lane, NW10

MRS PAT

SIR,—I am preparing for the Museum Press a biography of Mrs Patrick Campbell. Will any reader with any unusual reminiscences—or any letters from or about her—please communicate with me?

ALAN DENT

11 Rose and Crown Yard
SW1

A MOST URGENT APPEAL

The Defence and Aid Fund to safeguard freedom and human dignity in Southern Africa was established by Christian Action in connection with the South African Treason Trial. The purposes of the Fund are: (a) to provide means of legal aid and defence for those in Southern Africa who are victims of unjust legislation or oppressive and arbitrary procedures; (b) to aid their families and dependants; (c) to help to keep the conscience of the world alive to the issues at stake.

The needs of the accused in the Treason Trial, and of their families, remain an urgent call upon the Fund. The Trial drags on and on—an appeal to the High Court to quash the indictment against the 30 at present on trial is pending; and the remaining 61 must wait still longer for their renewed ordeal to begin—and the mounting distress of the accused and their dependants must continue to evoke our maximum sympathy.

And now, in the very serious situation in the territories of the Central African Federation (particularly Nyasaland) there may well be many further urgent calls upon the Fund for legal defence—it was to meet such eventualities that the Sponsors agreed recently to an extension of its terms of reference. But whatever money may be required to ensure proper legal aid and defence for those who are detained—and whether guilty or innocent they must be assured of adequate legal aid—the families and dependants of the detainees, particularly the African detainees, certainly need to be cared for. Many families are without their breadwinners and are facing the spectres of deprivation and distress.

We simply must have large sums of money. The reader has almost certainly contributed already. We now want him to contribute again, and more than before. We owe a debt to black humanity, and to those whites who help black humanity; and what should we feel like if we refused to pay that debt?

On behalf of the Sponsors we urge you to send your maximum contribution (cheques payable to Christian Action, please) to **The Secretary, Defence and Aid Fund, 2 Amen Court, London, E.C.4.**

PEGGY ASHCROFT
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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The James Dean Myth

On the first anniversary of his death three thousand people visited the grave of James Dean. Two thousand letters a week are – or until recently were – posted to him every week in the belief that, like other demi-gods, the Cid, Kitchener, Hitler, he is still alive in some secret place or is accessible in the world of spirits. Is Dean a new mythological hero, a legend spontaneously rising from the wishes of his young worshippers; or was he adroitly planted there by the subtle Squares who manage mass-communications in the interests of their adolescent public? Whatever the answer, from Françoise Sagan to *West Side Story*, adolescence is the thing; the younger generation now coshes at the door. With their attractive dandyism – either elegant or sloppy – their nihilism, their belief in only one absolute (Speed), the *halbstark*, the half-strong, have set up as a self-conscious independent state who regard the strong and mature as self-gaoled members of a complacent suicide club reduced to apathy by industrial society. Wherever modern city life is established, all over the world, the disaffiliation exists. It has no forms, it has no parties; it is a general state of mind. It exists most powerfully as an 'interrogation', in those countries where life has become fantastically favourable to the young. In one respect this self-conscious adolescence is pathetic. It depends too vehemently on never growing up, on being outside and permanently lost and, thereby, produces its psychopaths. In other respects its 'interrogation' is well-founded. City life is street life; gangs make the prison corridors of the modern street endurable. The argument for gangs is the argument for intimacy and for personal relationships which our benevolent society of huge organisations, block-vote parties and impersonal urban areas has forgotten about. We have built for populations, not for people.

Possibly *West Side Story* marks the end of the movement; it has been collared by the Squares. Already a nasty neo-Fascism has had a bite at it, since gangs are ephemeral, wayward, objectless and bored, for all the private satisfaction they give. I recommend those who have read Norman Mailer's extreme interpretation of the 'beat' as necessary psychopaths (recently published in the anthology *The Beat Generation*) to move on to Edgar Morin's short essay on *The Case of James Dean* in *Evergreen Review** and to go back, for the criminal byways, to Robert M. Lindner's *Rebel Without a Cause*†, published fifteen years ago and now reissued in a paperback. Both are American books and one has to allow for the difference of scene; but it is substantially true that a frontier psychology exists in all European cities now. Mr Morin's essay presents James Dean as an authentic mythological hero. He certainly fulfils many of the classic requirements. He was an orphan; he ran away from the university to prove himself; he undertook 'labours' in order to experience everything. He became at last 'what in the modern world incarnates the myth of a total life, a film star'. He aspires to the absolute, but cannot realise this in a woman's love, for every hero has to deal with female maleficence. He finds the modern *ersatz* absolute of Speed. Here he meets Death, is broken by the hostile world and gains immortality. His story is a standard adolescent fantasy. We shall find portions of it in Mr Lindner's case-history of a young 'born criminal'.

Dean was important because he became an incarnation even if he was a foisted one. He invented the clothes of rebellion – the non-bourgeois, half-dandyish, half-working-class blue jeans, thick sweater, leather jacket, unbuttoned shirt, no tie. In his film stories, he is seen at war with father-figures, attempting to rescue the mother-sister from the tyrant. Mr Morin quotes another writer, Truffaut:

> In James Dean, today's youth discovers itself. Less for the reasons usually advanced: violence, sadism, hysteria, pessimism, cruelty and filth, than for others infinitely more simple and commonplace: modesty of feeling, continual fantasy life, moral purity without relation to everyday morality but all the more rigorous, eternal adolescent love of tests and trials, intoxication, pride and regret at feeling oneself 'outside' society, refusal and desire to become integrated and final refusal or acceptance of the world as it is.

Our society has lacked initiation tests, except in war; the alternative is the test of the greatest risk. Hence 'dicing with death'.

Mr Lindner's study of Harold, a young half-Polish criminal psychopath, is important in itself, but also because it disperses the popular delusion that the extravagant, rebellious, moody adolescent of the type of James Dean is drawn most easily to crime. If a large amount of crime is committed by adolescents, this does not mean that, psychologically speaking, they have reached a true adolescent stage of development. They are really infantile. In the case of Harold, Mr Lindner's analysis convinced him that the youth had not emerged from the pre-genital state, and that this is true of criminal psychopaths in general. Mr Lindner agrees that Harold's psychological history cannot be considered without regard to his environment. Harold's father was a poorish, decent, hard-working, respected Polish immigrant of peasant origins, strongly enough rooted in his native culture to resist naturalisation and learn as little English as possible. His wife was American born, but the children would obviously lack that security of personality which is marked in Europe and often does not go very deep in the States. Harold's life was lived on many frontiers, using the word in the American sense: the frontier of the first generation immigrant, the relics of frontier left behind in expanding city life, the frontier of the American class system. We have the impression of a lost, difficult son shifting for himself in a flimsy, city civilisation in conflict with a blunt father who is considered 'old world and markedly unprogressive' by his American observers but who is mature and sure of himself. The American frontiers exist in Europe – they are characteristic of cities as these expand and as the peasant moves into them – so that we must not assume Harold differs greatly from his opposite number in Europe. Often, by looking at the simpler American situation, we see the European more clearly.

I had hoped, perhaps naively, to find in Mr Lindner's analysis some clear pointer to the cause of Harold's resort to burglary, vandalism and violence. In the copious and deeply interesting outpouring on the prison couch – in which a microphone had been hidden – Harold went over his life in forty-six sessions each an hour long, by voluntary association and under hypnosis. (Mr Lindner's book presents a strong case for hypnoanalysis.) We get an astonishing picture of a youth's life beside which Lolita's career seems saintly. And here, one pauses. Poor Harold's secret life is no different from the lives of the boys and girls I went to school with in the safe and balmy days of Edwardian London. I begin to believe that the child who has not seen or heard his parents in sexual intercourse, for example, is quite exceptional, possibly even abnormal. Did that sight really wreck Harold's infant life? Was the effect really traumatic? I believe that he reported accurately under hypnosis, though I am ignorant enough to ask whether it is possible that the analyst could have innocently put the suggestion there. But if Mr Lindner is right, is he still certain that this is what Harold meant when he said: 'I'd rather be blind than to see some of the things I've seen'? It is plausible: Harold was abnormally short-sighted and seriously isolated by this defect. How is it that we recognise ourselves and our friends in Harold, how is it that we know numbers of gifted people who are psychologically infantile, who furiously hate their fathers, and who yet have not crossed the border into crime? The psychopath is the child who cannot wait; he must leap into daring acts; he must be satisfied at once; he begins brilliantly but has little sense of continuity; he overcomes opposition wilfully; he is often bizarre in his non-conformity and with no sense of the consequences. Sexually, in every respect he thinks only of himself and self-aggrandisement and has no notion of the rights of others. Many gifted men and women have been like this. Some, gifted and ungifted, have had the psychopath's comic vanity in unrelated scraps of knowledge. Apparently, no psychopath ever commits suicide, but there is a strong appetite for punishment. It can, however, affect martyrs as well as prostitutes. Was Harold really less a serious neurotic than an unwitting conscript in the violent clash of two cultures?

Harold was relieved and calmed by revealing his secrets. Was he successfully re-educated? We are not told. Mr Lindner is a scientist and he is cautious. His book was and remains a powerful argument for the use of therapy in crime and, like all case-histories, it has the spell of a work of minute detection. One puts it down with the usual conclusions: that societies committed to mass violence must expect private violence; that generalisations about the adoles-

* *The Case of James Dean*. By Edgar Morin. *Evergreen Review*, 5. *Calder*. 6s. 6d.

† *Rebel Without a Cause*. By Robert M. Lindner. *Calder: Grove Press*. 13s.

cent must not be made – we must particularise; and that it is idle to construct a progressive, benevolent, economically just society which bores and imprisons people because it ignores the strange things that go on in the human heart and its ruling recalcitrant memories.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Hell

for Jean Neillands

Dante, Dante, yon wes maistly lees,
Yon hell whaur fowk all burn or droun or freeze!
For I have dreed a faur waur hell nor yon,
Nor aucht that you or Virgil lookit on:
Whaur Satan is yoursel, yoursel a bairn;
Whaur ye can walk on dream, and sink in airn;
The real hell, that makes your paintit yin
Look about as lifelike as *East Lynne*.

And yet, tae, there's a likeness, I confess,
Atween your fantasie and the real cess
Of circles raxand doun intil the hell
That allbody contains inben theirsel:
But ilkane has for sinners only ane –
Nae faces but the wan ye ken your ain.
And aye the deeper doun ye gang in earth,
The nearer looms up nocht but your ain birth.

I tae have had a woman for a guide,
But the Virgil that she led me by wes Freud,
And she wes no nae saikless Beatric –
The ane I thocht wes that turned out a wick –
But a woman of the warld, byordinar wise,
Wha tore frae me like wound-clouts ilk disguise
Ahent which grued the scaudit, nakit saul
In arctic fears that blew with nae devall.

Sevin circles – sae ye made your pit,
And Shakspere's sevin ages chime wi' it –
But, in my ain sounding of the mind,
Devil the easy number could I find.
I'm mindet of anither sevin, tae,
Wes spiered at lang or even your day:
'Is't sevin times, Lord, sin sall be forgiven?'
'Sevin? Ay, and sevinty times sevin!'

I tae have felt the brimstane and the fire,
The sulphur-reek of criminal desire,
Have yowled and girned in ilk descendand round,
And grat for petie; sprachlet in a swound;
Walkt the burnand sand with feet of laed;
Waementit with my ain waementit dead;
Dreed (and uised) the fork, the sword of schism
That punishes our self-heretickism.

Here I stand on Purgatorie's hill
With torkit eyen that spier throu ilkan ill
As houlet mirk; and terror of yon place
Gars the swaet rin doun my fevert face.
Have I the hert til ettle this stey brae?
Or will I fall back whaur I've ishit frae?
Sall I get til yon earthly paradise?
Or jaw with you about thir later skies?

Sir, I dinna ken. But this is certain true –
Gif ever I dae, I'll no agree with you,
Whit tho I ken for ae thing I am starred:
To be no worth your sheddae as a bard.
I'd like to think, tho, I tae at the end
Micht feel the wonder your auld Neptune kenned,
And say with you: 'In all eternitie
It's love, and love alane, that bears the gree.'

TOM SCOTT

Never the Boss

Lord Randolph Churchill. By ROBERT RHODES JAMES. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 36*s.*

Mr James is a brave man to follow in the steps of Sir Winston Churchill, whose life of his father is perhaps the greatest political biography in the English language. But since its publication a mass of fresh evidence has become available, and Sir Winston's occasional reticence is no longer necessary (except on the important matter of Lord Randolph Churchill's health: here, Mr James's vague references will leave his readers puzzled and unsatisfied). The attempt at a new assessment was therefore well worth making, and broadly speaking, Mr James has succeeded. For such a young man he has an extraordinarily sure grasp of the complex political history of the 1880s, and his knowledge of parliamentary procedure – he is an Assistant Clerk of the House of Commons – enables him to present a lucid account of the parliamentary battles which marked that great watershed of British politics, the years 1885-6.

If Mr James has a fault, it is that he sees the period too exclusively in parliamentary terms, and has little place in his narrative for the revolutionary social and economic forces of which the clashes in the Commons were merely imperfect symptoms. Perhaps this is as it should be: Churchill and Joseph Chamberlain, who represented these forces, were themselves only dimly aware of their nature. In an age when statistics and sociology were in their infancy, and when public opinion polls and mass-circulation newspapers did not exist, politicians were forced to work in the dark. Power had already been given to a huge electorate; but there was no means of discovering what it wanted. Politicians had thus to rely largely on their instincts. It was the age of political intuition.

Churchill and Chamberlain possessed this gift to a high degree. They were the first to grasp the significance of the new lower-middle-class electorate, and to attempt to win its allegiance. Chamberlain wished to make it the driving force behind a vast programme of reform; Churchill, to reinforce the established institutions of church and state. But here lies the paradox. Though Churchill saw further into the future – the lower-middle class is now the ballast of Tory inertia – and though, at the 1885 elections, he won the first round by snatching the great urban boroughs from the Liberal camp, he abandoned his attempt when he found it impossible to transfer the control of the Tory Party to its new supporters. It was Chamberlain who, over the irrelevant issue of Ireland, created the modern Tory Party. After the collapse of the Free Trade boom, it was inevitable that the manufacturing class, and with them the lower-middle class, should leave the Liberals. Chamberlain telescoped this process, forging the inevitable alliance of capital and privilege a generation before it was due. Hence, by 1906, the character of the Liberal Party had changed, and Lloyd George and Labour were able to bring the working class into constitutional politics.

Why did Churchill fail? The explanation seems to lie in his character. His premonition he would die young whetted his appetite for immediate power and his urge to destroy those who possessed it. This, reinforced by his formidable oratorical gifts, his sharp nose for parliamentary procedure, and his ability to sense the mood of the Commons, made him the greatest negative politician in British history. Between 1880 and 1885, he paralysed the huge Gladstonian majority and at the same time demolished the Tory leader-

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ship in the Commons. But, once in office, his career came to a dead stop. A natural outsider, he found it almost impossible to work with other people, or even keep them informed of his intentions (the first his wife knew of his famous resignation was when, like the Queen, she read it in *The Times*). Constant money worries, and an early quarrel with the Prince of Wales, which led to his exclusion from Society for ten years, had given him a bitter contempt for the wealthy and privileged – an awkward passion for a potential Tory leader to entertain. He seems to have had few fixed principles, and, like other political leaders, was debauched by the ruthless in-fighting which surrounded the First Home Rule bill. When he clambered into power, as Chancellor and second man in the government, there was no great measure he wished to further. But, equally, there was nothing left to destroy – except, of course, Salisbury himself.

Mr James is no doubt right in arguing that Churchill's resignation was not a conscious attempt to snatch the leadership from Salisbury; and, indeed, it was precisely because it was not a conscious attempt that Churchill's tactics were so woefully inadequate. But the instinctive urge was undoubtedly there, and after it was all over Churchill confessed to Rosebery: 'There is only one place, that is Prime Minister. I like to be boss'. Salisbury, at least, recognised that his own position was at stake and – as Mr James reveals – did not hesitate to lie to smash Churchill. It was not a pretty age, and by no means all the dark corners have yet been revealed. Hence, it says much for Churchill that, after Mr James's searching examination, he emerges as one of its more honourable, and certainly more likeable, figures.

PAUL JOHNSON

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CHATTO & WINDUS

Miss Blandish and the Archetypes

Persephone: a Study of Two Worlds. By D. STREATFEILD. *Routledge.* 30*s.*

This is, unusually enough today, an amateur's or enthusiast's book. Mr Streatfeild is not a literary critic, nor a philosopher or psychologist; this is his first book, published when he is 50, though long prepared. He had tried unsuccessfully over a number of years to write a novel. Subsequently he read *No Orchids for Miss Blandish* and was struck by the similarity between a major scene there and one in his novel. He was already passionately interested in Jung. The two interests interacted and he went on to discover, almost as if unaided, some of the applications to literature of the concepts of the collective unconscious and of archetypal symbols.

In his first half he seeks to show that the enormous popularity of *No Orchids* was due not to its sex-and-violence (many other books include this but are not so well-known) but to the symbolic attraction of its theme. It is, he says, a variation of the Persephone legend in a form which 'makes an immediate appeal to the contemporary collective unconscious'. He deals similarly, though more briefly, with *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*. He does know something of the work done in this field (he at least mentions Maud Bodkin). He does not know enough and spends time destroying defences which fell years ago. Thus, he insists that a work may have powers not consciously intended by the author (Lawrence's 'Never trust the teller; trust the tale').

In his second part he elaborates more directly what he calls 'my theory', using a distinction between the 'inner' and 'outer' life. His case is that we should pay more attention to the intuitive and irrational processes of the mind. This is not a new argument though Mr Streatfeild seems unaware of his predecessors, and his lack of background prevents him from contributing usefully to the discussion.

His first part is more interesting, though he makes some serious mistakes. He is simply not a good enough reader, so that he discovers symbolisms denied by the feel of the text. That Miss Blandish's unwillingness to return to the 'upper world' has a dreadful significance we may easily concede (even if we have not read *Sanctuary*), but she does not refuse in the spirit of 'I'm off with the raggle-taggle gypsies oh'. Nor is she a symbol of innocence and beauty destroyed (pride and corrupt beauty, perhaps). Still, Mr Streatfeild makes some interesting observations elsewhere, notably on the different appearances of the complaisant blonde.

The greatest weakness is that he merely notes without definition that some archetypal situations are 'richer and deeper' than others. There is certainly, to take extremes, a vast difference between the effect of *King Lear* and *The Third Man* (which manipulated more archetypal situations as gimmicks, in a short space, than any other work I can remember), and the difference is crucial. Yet I believe his general case is sound and particularly relevant today, when 'the popular arts' are receiving more attention in Britain. For we often approach them in a superficial way. Our inadequacies are shown at their worst in those 'examinations' of, say, television serials which count the number of formal assertions of virtue and vice, the number of villains or heroes killed, the number of times 'good' triumphs, so as to decide on the degree of 'moral health'. The imaginative drift – that which really pulls underneath – may run clean against the overt plot.

A second observation comes to mind, though one too complex to be developed briefly. One range of activity in mass-communication seems to be relying more and more on the 'realistic', the 'true to life', as if in fear of the challenge of the imaginative. There is a passage of Auden's about

> this age,
> So lacking in conviction
> It cannot take pure fiction.

'Documentary' can be interesting and useful, but it is not art. And art will out, in all kinds of strange ways and at all levels, as this book shows.

RICHARD HOGGART

Who Stormed the Bastille?

The Crowd in the French Revolution. By GEORGE RUDÉ. *Oxford.* 35*s.*

The Eighteenth Century Revolution in Spain. By RICHARD HERR. *Oxford: Princeton.* 60*s.*

Revolutions concentrate centuries into years, and years into days. For 150 years the historians have fallen like locusts upon the French Revolution, and still the subject is not only unexhausted, but fresh, for every social change of our own times illuminates unexplored aspects of those world-shaking ten years. In our own lifetime two such changes of perspective have transformed the study of the Revolution: Mathiez' and Lefebvre's insistence on the grass-roots of the French town and village, and Labrousse's use of the analysis of economic fluctuations. How necessary these changes of perspectives were is demonstrated by Dr Rudé's book, one of the important products of the able Anglo-French group of researchers gathered round the magnificent M. Lefebvre himself. It may seem incredible that in a century and a half of massive studies nobody before Dr Rudé ever tried to find out systematically who actually stormed the Bastille, but it is a fact. (It is also, by the way, an index of the total inadequacy of Ranke's view, that all the historian has to do is to say 'what it was actually like').

Dr Rudé's inquiry and his answer make a model of good history. The book begins with a henceforth indispensable chapter on Paris on the eve of revolution, and continues with studies of the 'crowd in action' on crucial occasions: the Bastille, the march on Versailles, the Champ de Mars, 1792, 1793, Prairial, Vendémiaire. Four more general chapters discuss the composition of the revolutionary crowd, its motives, the 'generation of revolutionary activity', and the revolutionary crowd in history, a discussion which looks forward to 1848 and draws profitably on the author's pioneer studies in eighteenth-century English riots. Seven appendices summarise his findings in tables and provide the necessary background information about the Parisian 'sections' (of which there is a clear map), the revolutionary calendar, prices and wages. The entire work, including a useful glossary, fills barely more than 250 lucid pages. Not the least of Dr Rudé's great merits is that he could obviously have made the book five times as long, but refrained.

To sum up Dr Rudé's researches in the statement that he has finally laid to rest the ghost of the Scarlet Pimpernel's (and Burke's and Taine's) *canaille*, is patently unfair. But it is probably true that readers will be mainly interested in his demonstration that the Parisian 'mob' (like its analogues in other pre-industrial cities) was no more

or less than a cross-section of the ordinary working people, including the working women. Nor has he fallen into the common trap of simple economic determinism, which makes crowds and riots a simple function of the movement of food-prices and unemployment. What matters is not simply the timing of riots, which is chiefly determined by the cost of living (for reasons ably analysed by Labrousse and others), but what the crowd riots for; and Dr Rudé never forgets that it refused to riot on the side of the royalists even when one might have expected it to do so. I am not sure whether he fully appreciates how novel this political allegiance to the left is, in the light of the previous centuries of 'church-and-king' urban riots, but the new allegiance is well observed. He also shows that, in terms of its social composition, the French Revolutionary riot was a historical hangover from the past, and wholly different from the movements of the nineteenth-century industrial working classes. This is in every respect an excellent book, and an important contribution to the history of the Revolution.

Dr Herr's book is less impressive, but has the advantage of opening up virtually virgin territory, at least to the English reader. Probably the non-specialist (and how many specialists on eighteenth-century Spain are there in Britain?) will be interested less in the details of the Revolutionary impact on Spain in the 1790s and the origins of Spanish liberalism, than in the author's useful account of Spain under enlightened absolutism, illustrated as it is by excellently clear maps. It should destroy the myth, fostered only by ignorance, that eighteenth-century Spain was in any sort of decline. But it is regrettable that the most obvious and lasting results of the Spanish revival are undiscussed. After all, what survives of eighteenth-century Spain is Goya, certain forms of Spanish semi-popular entertainment, and that remarkable spectacle which, in the costume of its stars, still betrays its origins: the modern bull-fight. Behind it there clearly lies a significant, but very obscure, popular cultural revolution. About this, alas, Dr Herr tells us nothing.

E. J. HOBSBAWM

Fresh Witness

Our Friend James Joyce. By MARY and PADRAIC COLUM. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

Once in Paris, Padraic Colum took a young writer to meet James Joyce. The meeting was brief and the conversation trivial, yet the young man was bowled over. 'He seemed to belong to some secret nobility,' he told Colum afterwards. The anecdote is typical. Commonly, writers will write above themselves, and their books are liable to be more interesting than their lives, but in the case of Joyce his life and work constitute a single majestic progress. If we are to know either well, we must study the other. The books are always there to read, but where the life is concerned we must make do with the flimsy evidence of gossip.

Fortunately Joyce had a talent for making good friends, and several of them have set down their memories since his death. Although he was a profoundly self-important man, he had no time for flatterers, and there is a fine scrupulousness in the best accounts, such as Frank Budgen's two books and Mme Léon's memoir. Now Mr and Mrs Colum join this company with their collection of anecdotes of Joyce in Dublin and Paris. Padraic Colum met Joyce for the first time at Lady Gregory's in 1902, and wondered what he was doing there. He was only nineteen, but already he was known in Dublin as a violent critic of the nationalist movement and its literary sideshows. Joyce never had much idea of politics, but he was not a disciple of Ibsen for nothing and he loathed the new, folksy writers and their raptures. 'I distrust all enthusiasms,' he told Colum, thus setting himself apart from nearly every intelligent man in the city. Colum was in the thick of it, but he remembers generously:

> About that time an early play of mine was produced by the National Theatre Society. Joyce asked me to let him see the script. I did. Afterwards I met him in O'Connell Street. He had the script with him: the encounter must have been planned. It was in a roll, which permitted him to make its presentation to me significant. 'Rotten from the foundation up,' he said.

Mr Colum's casual manner is deceptive: his little stories are often very revealing. For instance, the intellectual climate of turn-of-the-century Dublin is made convincing for the first time, so that now at last we can understand those strange perambulatory debates between Stephen Dedalus and his friends in *A Portrait of the Artist*. The furious high spirits of the young men in Joyce's set is conveyed well. In particular, Mr Colum hits off Gogarty neatly; or at least his youthful Gogarty, 'knowledgeable, profane, and, to a certain extent, detrimental', is a more convincing model for Buck Mulligan than any we have had so far. This was the Gogarty who joined with Joyce in compiling an anthology of Dublin *graffiti*, who accompanied him on his visits to the stews of Nighttown. Perhaps these adventures were more in the mind than the rather prim Mr Colum supposes; or perhaps indeed they consort well enough with this other surprising and charming young Joyce he also gives us:

> . . . the mannerly, spirited, whimsical 'Jim' with cane, hat, and eyeglass, swaggering up and down the room in the style of a leading vaudeville singer of the day and singing with gusto, 'The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo'.

This was at family parties, to which he would squire his mother and where he would sing the comic and sentimental ballads he had learned from his father. The Colums have similar stories relating to every period of Joyce's life, and they are relevant to a reading of his books. One might think that nobody needed telling any more that *Ulysses* is meant to be a gay book, but there are still many critics who write about Joyce as if he was an ill-natured megalomaniac, though a genius.

Joyce left Dublin in 1904, and only returned for brief visits: the Colums did not see much more of him until his Paris days after the first war. By then *Ulysses* had been published, and he was a famous writer At the reunion dinner he recited to them the *Anna Livia Plurabelle* section of what was to be *Finnegans Wake*. It was not long before the staunch Colum had joined the little band of disciples who were doing propaganda for the great work. Joyce was nearly blind by now, and he needed a lot of secretarial help, especially with things like correcting proofs. He was quite imperious about getting this: 'he operates like a general,' somebody said. Mr Colum was often at his side. He is a sensitive critic, of a good informal kind, and he knows what to take note of.

> Joyce's aversion to aggressiveness, turbulence, or violence of any kind was deeply felt. 'Birth and death are sufficiently violent for me', he said. He was not only dismayed at the thought of crime, he had no interest in it, and said he found this a handicap in writing *Work in Progress*; a book that dealt with the night life of humanity should, he felt, have some reference to crime in it, but he could not bring himself to put any in.

However, Mr Colum is not always as helpful as

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HART-DAVIS

this. He has his pedantic side, and trust *Finnegans Wake* to bring it out. He insists on telling us that the phrase 'chillybombom and forty bonnets' is a smack at Dame Rebecca West, but what do we care? What is the use of learning the names of the five hundred rivers that are woven into the text of *Anna Livia Plurabelle*? Mr Colum can answer these conundrums by the dozen, but the last word on the book lies with his wife. 'It is outside literature,' she told Joyce, and he had no reply. The fact is that *Finnegans Wake* is a folly. Joyce's work was over when *Ulysses* was published: that was the end of his own odyssey as well: like Stephen Dedalus, he had come through. All the latter part of the Colums' book deals with the period after this climax; it is mere gossip, and it makes nothing like the impact that the Dublin stories do. These speak to us of a marvellous world that is almost extinct, and anybody who can still bring fresh witness from it has our gratitude.

PETER DUVAL SMITH

Death on the Telephone

Memento Mori. By MURIEL SPARK. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

I had gathered that *Memento Mori* was funny, that its subject was old age, decrepitude and death; and I had assumed that it belonged to that sort of humour which attempts, by frenzied and neurotic mockery, to allay fear. I was wrong. There is nothing cruel or facetious in this novel. We are not asked to laugh at the antics of the senile. Death is neither funny nor horrible. It is simply to be remembered and awaited.

Nearly everyone in *Memento Mori* is over seventy, and many over eighty. Whether in Hampstead or Kensington or the Aged Women's Ward, they are all preoccupied with their failing bodies and have a keen eye for signs of fading in others. They worry interminably about wills, their own and other people's. They read the newspapers, not for headlines, but for obituaries.

> 'Well, fancy Tempest Sidebottome,' said Mrs Pettigrew. 'Of course, cancer is cancer.'
>
> 'She always *was* a bitch,' said Godfrey, as if her death were the ultimate proof of it.

In this world, daily shrinking, there is still room for generosity, sacrifice, intrigue and malice, though the voice on the telephone repeatedly reminds them all that they must die.

Charmian Colston is eighty-five. In Edwardian days she wrote successful romantic novels; they are the only things she can remember at all clearly. She calls all men Eric, after her son, and all women Taylor:

> 'I am not Taylor,' said Dame Lettie, 'and in any case, you always called Taylor "Jean" during her last twenty years or so in your service.'

Charmian is bullied by her husband, who is eighty-seven; he has always been jealous of her success and is at last able to take his revenge. Around them are other ancient figures: the critic, Charmian's former lover, still bitterly hated by the poet; 'Taylor', the maid, now in the Aged Women's Ward; and the sprightly gerontologist of seventy-three who, for reasons of research, delights in being the first to transmit good news and bad to his subjects ('Of course, as your marriage with Lisa was invalid, you will not now benefit from her estate. . . . Be a good fellow, and, immediately on reading this letter, take your pulse and temperature, and let me know.') Trouble starts with the anonymous telephone calls: 'Remember you must die'. And there are further complications when Charmian's household is invaded by an energetic blackmailer of 73.

There is a Waugh-like brilliance to this novel, in the easy economical narrative, the continuous invention producing a series of surprises, the well-cut dialogue, the controlled tone. This last is the most remarkable of Miss Spark's achievements: the slightest false note, of flippancy or sentimentality, would have upset the delicate balance of this novel. Nothing is forced, least of all the humour.

> The matron came in at three o'clock and read out the telegram from the Queen. Everyone applauded. Granny Valvona commented, '"... on your hundredth birthday" doesn't sound quite right. Queen Mary always used to say, "on the occasion of your centenary."'

Muriel Spark has written a brilliant, startling and original book.

V. S. NAIPAUL

Recent fiction reprints include Henry James's *Sacred Fount* (Hart-Davis, 18*s.*); four Everyman novels – Thackeray's *Pendennis* in two volumes, Verne's *Five Weeks in a Balloon* and *Around the World* in one (8*s.* 6*d.* each volume); Hugo's *Les Misérables* (2 vols) and Disraeli's *Coningsby* (10*s.* 6*d.* each vol.); an Evergreen book of D. H. Lawrence's translation of Verga's *Little Novels of Sicily* (Calder, 13*s.*); two Penguins – Forster's *Where Angels Fear to Tread* and Brian Moore's *The Lonely Passion of Miss Judith Hearne* (2*s.* 6*d.* each). James Jones's *From Here to Eternity* is due as a Fontana Monarch (Collins, 5*s.*).

Other reprints include a Pelican of Kenneth Clark's *Leonardo da Vinci* (6*s.*), a Penguin of *Kathleen Ferrier* by Winifred Ferrier and Neville Cardus (5*s.*) and a Penguin of *French Country Cooking* by Elizabeth David (3*s.* 6*d.*).

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Other New Novels

The Chains of Love. By ZOË OLDENBOURG. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

Before the Great Snow. By HANS PUMP. *André Deutsch.* 15*s.*

The Poorhouse Fair. By JOHN UPDIKE. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

Love in Four Flats. By RALPH RICKETTS. *Chapman & Hall.* 15*s.*

The Last Autumn. By HERBERT GUTTERSON. *Constable.* 15*s.*

Means To An End. By JOHN ROWAN WILSON. *Collins.* 15*s.*

The historical novel is a peculiarly difficult art form, because it demands so much that is distracting to the exercise of art itself. In order to succeed, the writer must have such a strong historical imagination that 'setting the period' is automatic, calling for no undue straining of decision. 'What shall I put in?' 'What shall I leave out?' 'How much does the reader already know of the period?' 'How much of my laborious research shall I have to waste?' All these are questions that bedevil the writer who has not the gift of living so completely and naturally in the period chosen that no conscious selection is necessary. Miss Zoë Oldenbourg, in her two novels about the Third Crusade, showed herself one of the best historical novelists in the world – probably, without reservation, the best. Under her hands, the twelfth century took form and breath, stirred out of sleep and overflowed the present with its power. One felt instinctively that she knew how her men and women *felt*, that her scholarship was deep enough for her to achieve total identification with them. Not a trace of the bogus here; no dressing-up; no laying-on of detail: but a high seriousness so rare in the historical novel as to be phenomenal.

I say all this with great respect, as I have now to say that I don't think she can write modern novels at all. She has great passion, deep feeling, the power to convey suffering in love; what she cannot convey is the slightest idea of the age in which she herself is living. *The Chains of Love* takes place in post-war Paris and is the story of a bitter love-affair struggling to its end amid the litter and disorder of a broken world. The passions are real enough; yet they seem to exist in a sort of vacuum, for the people who suffer them hardly exist at all. Nor is the background against which we ought to observe them sketched with more than a muddled perfunctoriness. It is as though the historical form gives Miss Oldenbourg a discipline she can't do without. It *compels* her to give us enough facts, enough pictures, to sharpen her characters so that they are not merely spiritually but visually comprehensible. In her last two modern novels, she seems lost. One hopes, with, as I say, respect, and with admiration, for another book about the Crusades.

Before the Great Snow, a novel from Germany admirably translated by Robert Kee, could not possibly be more depressing; it may seem frivolous to remark that by the side of Hans Pump, Heinrich Böll is as gay as Wodehouse; but it is so. Not that one expects this howling tragedy of a German unit lost in the partisan-haunted wastes of Russia to be lively; this is a terrifying book, and much of it is very fine. But it is weakened, not strengthened, by its remorseless evenness of mood. Heinrich Böll does vary his pace, his colour, and his emotional temperature to some extent; Hans Pump, who is a fine natural writer,

denies to his own work the irony of contrast, an irony which, if he had used it lightly and with tact, would have made the total effect of the novel far more disturbing. It is disturbing enough; but it overshoots the mark. It exhausts the capacity for total emotional response long before the end is reached.

The Poorhouse Fair, by John Updike, who is a *New Yorker* writer, is New Yorkerishly freakish in theme. (How *do* they think of these things?) The scene is a poorhouse in New Jersey, on the day of the annual fair; the time, for some reason which isn't quite clear to me, is twenty years from now. Conner, the saintly near-queer who runs it, is having a frightful tussle with his old men and women, who are very dense – they cannot understand that all he does for them is for their good. In the end they cast stones at him, but only few stones, a few poor little stones. The feeling of this novel is greatly charitable; the moral network stretched beneath to catch the theme, should it start breaking up, is well-knotted and firm. But it is too whimsical, it is too much of a stunt. It is too earnest an attempt to get away from the great American terror of the Familiar. And if you escape from the Familiar altogether, you remove those points of reference without which no work can be truly serious.

Love in Four Flats is a novel with a curious tang to it, a story with no perceptible theme and no sort of moral, unless the tragedy of sheer aimlessness is moral enough. It is about four sets of people living in a block of London flats, whose lives interlock: an unhappy girl seeking escape from her absurd, *louche* mamma in a love-affair with a preposterous German actor; the doctor whom she rejects; the pathetic *voyeur* who longs to be praised and loved; the young couple with the mongol child. The time is 1930, the air is thick with forebodings, fair is foul and foul is fair. The people are studied with a sort of infuriated passion, as if the writer is trying to squeeze out the last drop of truth and is angry because he can't do it. It is all rather baffling, but rather impressive. There is one marked subsidiary weakness; what *sort* of flats are these? The Cromwell Road-like picture on the cover is obviously wrong. Why has the writer set his people, but not his London scene? The German scenes are admirably set, dark, lowering, covered with the dustiness of nightmare.

The Last Autumn, which is about a smart American private (we say public) school, is so riddled with flashbacks that at times I wanted to throw it down and jump on it. Yet it is rather a charming sad book in its way, and the account of the muddy depths stirred up by the suicide of one of the boys is impressive. The masters, not the boys, are the important figures here; the aim of the novel is to mark the struggle between honesty and self-interest aroused in the breasts of pretty decent men faced with the dilemma of duty to the dead or to the living. Mr Gutterson has shaped his book badly, because he has shaped it in the easiest and most obvious way; but he writes extremely agreeably, with sympathy, with resignation and with a touch of poetry.

Means to an End is a straight novel of no particular literary distinction, but blessedly readable. The author is not pirouetting in front of one with cries of 'Yoohoo! Look at me!' He is just telling a very good story, in what is, admittedly, a somewhat flat way, and allowing nothing to impede his progress from one end to the other. It is about a rich young American in a large business organisation. Because he is his father's son, he has nominal prestige; but no real prestige, and no power. Sent to England on a cooked-up mission, he uncovers a small piece of skulduggery. Pushed on by his secretary, he insists on trying to expose it; and in the course of this finds skulduggery on a much greater scale, so great that knowledge of it puts power over the whole organisation into his hands. Scene: New York, Paris, London. Characters: all right, but nothing striking. Style: about adequate. But it makes a jolly good read, all the same, and anybody who thinks I am not grateful for that fact is in error.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

The Frozen Cuckoo-Clock

Fortune's Fool: Poems of Gérard de Nerval. Translated by BRIAN HILL. *Hart-Davis.* 9*s.* 6*d*

Mr Hill has already given us accurate, living translations of Rimbaud and Verlaine. Here he is again, brilliantly inside another *maudit*, and firmly adjusting English to strange purposes. But whereas Rimbaud's hallucinatory ramble and Verlaine's chimes led him into a deft mimicry, he transfers Nerval into thoroughly independent English. Nerval's emblems cluster and dazzle, but French often denies him a sharp sound; where he should be percussive, he has to snuffle.

> La Tête, c'était donc sa France bien-aimée,
> Décapitée, aux pieds du César expirant.

Mr Hill's version of this is lapidary and pungent:

> This head was his beloved France which bled
> Decapitated at its Caesar's foot.

Audacity and enigma come exquisitely through, and the ornate dream still shines:

> Seeing Benares leaning on her stream,
> Loose with your bow your corselet's burnished shell,
> For I am Patani's vulture-sentinel,
> And with white butterflies the wide seas teem.

And the minor qualities – the wryness in Nerval's earnestness ('A frost will stop a cuckoo-clock, I find: So sorrow stops the working of my mind!'), the lovely rounded lilt of some of the early lyrics, the egregious rapture ('The queen's kiss marks my brow yet'), the overwhelming fits and languors ('Le Christ aux oliviers' and 'El Desdichado') – only rarely tempt Mr Hill into such wordiness as 'By stormy south winds' murky gale' for *Par le souffle des noirs autans*.

In his poems, as in his prose, Nerval found aplomb in delirium; as Barrès said, he casts a spell. In his early poems he sought not symbols but equivalents and specimens – dolphins, starlings, moist dawns, girls in the Tuileries, Rossini, Mozart, the smell of roasting turkey. Even intermittent madness brought no sensual deprivation but admitted him to an exact grandiosity of Greek and Egyptian gods, occult signs and apotheoses of the Jenny who died. The progress from his rather conventional early work to *Aurélia* – his novel – and the nightmare sonnets is one of lucid self-engrossment. Claiming his name from the Roman emperor Nerva, he kept a pet lobster on a ribbon and was eventually found hanged with what he had said to be Mme de Maintenon's belt. Wrecked, imaginative and intense, he had to heighten life to remain aware of it. But extravagance sharpened his perceptions. A demented Heredia, he is well worth lingering over; and Mr Hill's thirty-five translations, with the French text opposite and a neat introduction, make a faithful sample. The book is elegantly made, and Mr Hill's best. Many of the translations are poems in their own right but surely they should have been arranged in chronological order.

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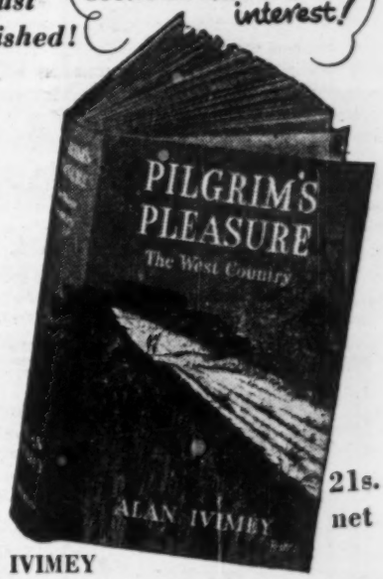

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Books Worth Arguing About

ROBERT DAGLISH describes how Moscow discussed *The Yershov Brothers*. PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON writes of a novel that believes in pity. JOAN LAWSON gives an interim report on Soviet ballet teaching. All in the Spring issue of the ANGLO-SOVIET JOURNAL. Also glimpses of the Moscow cultural scene; press comment on the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre; tribute to Vaughan Williams; the Afro-Asian Writers Conference; book reviews.

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A Jesuit in Madurai

A Pearl to India. By VINCENT CRONIN. *Hart-Davis. 25s.*

What Father Matteo Ricci attempted in China at the end of the sixteenth century, Father Roberto de Nobili was to attempt a generation later in southern India: both of these great Jesuits tried to bridge the gulf between East and West by, in Mr Cronin's phrase, 'a combination of theology, love and good manners'. Naturally their aim in bridging the gulf was to bring the Orient across it to what they saw as the truth, entire and exclusive. Chinese indifference and Hindu toleration were not, could not be, for Christian missionaries, but in the Fathers' effort to sift essential from non-essential, to leave converts where possible in the comfort and security of their forms and usage, there was charity as well as common sense.

Father Matteo's life was told in Mr Cronin's *The Wise Man from the West*, and the present, equally fascinating, book tells that of Father Roberto. He was born at Rome in 1577 to a noble and wealthy Tuscan family, being named after an uncle who at thirteen became a Cardinal and five years later died with saintly resignation. Roberto likewise felt a religious vocation at an early age, to the joy of his family who assumed that he would turn into a Roman prelate as attentive to his worldly benefits and those of his relations as to his spiritual duties, like so many others of the day; but by the time he was seventeen he knew his paths lay elsewhere. Twenty-five years later, when the Portuguese Archbishop of Goa suggested that behind a mask of piety he hid an eye to preferment, he was to reply 'Your Grace, my chief motive for entering the Society of Jesus was to escape honours and dignities a little more distinguished than the bishoprics of India'. He had chosen instead poverty, disease, the loneliness of the Mission at Madurai, persecution by the infidel and the hostility of ecclesiastical superior.

The beautiful and ancient university city of Madurai in southern India was naturally a centre of Hindu thought and practice. Father Roberto had to solve the difficulty of reconciling the Gospel with an immovable system of caste: men could fall, but never rise, from the caste into which they were born, and caste governed all their actions; and the fact that the new religion welcomed every man alike merely branded it in Brahmin eyes as low. And, paradoxically, these Brahmins must be won over before the lower castes would dare receive the Christian message; at them Father Roberto consequently aimed, perfecting his knowledge of Sanskrit and the Vedantic scriptures as well as of Tamil, observing Brahmin customs, wearing the dress and eating the food of a *guru*, avoiding pollution by contact with inferiors. This policy of preaching to the mighty, in seeming contradiction to the spirit of Christ, had already been adopted in the Far East; but the Father was unfortunate in his vicar, a come-no-nonsense old gentleman who wore a cassock and munched his beef and in eleven years had not made a convert. When at last the enmity to Father Roberto reached a head, this Father Gonçalo Fernandez was one of his most unscrupulous accusers.

Like all that Mr Cronin writes, *A Pearl to India* is both scholarly and entertaining. Father Roberto's mission, his years of toil and privation at Madurai, his arraigning in 1619 before the Archbishop and Inquisitors of Goa and the Pope's final pronouncement in his favour, are of course the core of the book; but there is much else beside, a glimpse of the Portuguese Indian empire in decay, an introduction to the Vedas, sketches of famous ecclesiastical figures and Indian potentates, and pictures of different sides of Indian life. Mr Cronin is very much a partisan, and he possibly makes out Father Roberto's opponents as just a little too foolish, crude or calculating: otherwise I have nothing but admiration for this rewarding and deeply considered book.

HONOR TRACY

Shorter Reviews

To Sir, With Love. By E. R. BRAITHWAITE. *Bodley Head.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Mr Braithwaite tells the now familiar story of the blooding of a teacher in a shabby London school. But the viewpoint is a fascinatingly fresh one: the author is a Negro, and his struggle to win the confidence of his East End boys and girls was entangled with his private fight against the snubs and stabs of racial prejudice. Each ordeal strengthened him for the other. Like the children, he had reason to behave bitterly and badly: but he taught them, as he was teaching himself, to be patient and tolerant instead. He was dignified with them—more dignified perhaps than a native teacher would have dared to be; he addressed them as adults; he surprised them into being astonishingly courteous to one another.

One believes his story of success. It is perhaps the price of his struggle, however, that he seems to simplify his triumphs. It's hardly credible that whole classes came round so beamingly, so completely. The battle is tougher and subtler than that. Again, having given his own name to his hero, Mr Braithwaite not only allows other characters to speak of him in glowing terms, but recounts intimately his wooing and winning of a colleague. One is bound to be embarrassedly uncertain about the degree of autobiography involved; even to suspect that the author is compensating for some of the insults and indignities he has endured. But his book is an intelligent and unusual study both of some of our toughest educational problems and of our own peculiar brand of racial prejudice; in a passage that ought to make us wince, Mr Braithwaite says he prefers the American.

E. B.

Black Orpheus: No. 4. *Nigerian Ministry of Education.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

'What is, in fact, a Ghanaian? What do traditional African values mean to him? . . . How does he assert his nationalism culturally?' These are sentences from a review in *Black Orpheus* of an anthology of Ghanaian writing in English: substitute Nigerian for Ghanaian, and you have the preoccupations underlying the contributions to this magazine. Their interest, for the English reader, is that they offer a glimpse of a possible future which may emerge from the search for a usable past partly African, partly English or at any rate English-language. The quest is for models, examples, a number of which is discussed. There is a reconsideration of Cary's *Mister Johnson*, a 'vital document' in the history of Nigeria. A West Indian writer, Randolph Rawlins, surveys the development of the Caribbean novel in recent years. There is an article on and seven poems by, the American Negro poet Paul Vesey, who, it seems, is trying to bring back into American Negro poetry something of its African heritage. A Yoruba examines the novels—*The Palm Wine Drinkard* and *The Brave African Huntress*—of Amos Tutuola. The Adult Education Organiser of the University College of Ghana has a delightful article on the vernacular poetry of the Ewe people of Togoland. Art criticism is represented by an analysis of the carvings at the Sango shrine of the Timi of Ede. The one short story is a brief sketch of African life in Johannesburg. For most of us the notion of *négritude*, a concept for which there seems as yet no English word but which stands for a 'consciousness whose imagery is both African and occidental but whose mixed heritage confronts us as a unit', will probably be entirely new. *Black Orpheus* makes a very good introduction to it.

W. A.

A History of Philosophy: Vol. 5. By FREDERICK COPLESTONE. *Burns Oates.* 30*s.*

There is no other history of philosophy which resembles Father Coplestone's enterprise in either scope or lucidity. The present volume, which takes us from Hobbes to Hume, is entirely about British philosophers. All the praise which reviewers have lavished on his earlier volumes is once more well deserved. A niggling doubt remains, a doubt of which one is more conscious on reading this volume than perhaps one was with its predecessors. Who is going to read it? The university student of philosophy has to go to the actual texts. The general reader needs a better view of the wood and the enumeration of rather fewer trees. What then is its function? Surely it is, above all, a work of reference. No one will go to it to find out about Hobbes or Berkeley when they can read Hobbes or Berkeley. But they will always turn to Coplestone if they want to know in a hurry what Lord Herbert of Cherbury or Dugald Stewart said. What the chapters on the major figures achieve is a background which makes the story intelligible.

A. MACT.

The Wastes of Civilization. By J. C. WYLIE. *Faber.* 16*s.*

'Strength through sewage' is the war-cry of this history of man as 'a wasting animal'. Every day we discard a ton of rubbish per thousand head of population and annually pollute our coastal waters and rivers—alas for the Irwell!—with three million tons of valuable, nitrogen-bearing sludge. The Chinese have always known better, but unless we are careful we shall exhaust our soil and go the way of the Mayas. The villain, it seems, is the W.C., for up to now sanitation has been the enemy of ecology, but in Kai Petersen's Composting Plant—one of which was erected at Edinburgh in 1955—we now have the means of reconciliation. All our other off-scourings, too, are valuable, not only as sources of scrap and humus and methane gas, but for use in land reclamation, as at the Pitsea site near Canvey Island.

A manual of dung and dustbins, one might think, makes somewhat disagreeable reading, but not so this, for among the techniques and statistics are many intriguing pocket histories—of disease and microbiology, for instance, street lighting, water supply and the Livery Companies. Also much curious information: on the floors of Tudor houses as a source of saltpetre, on Chaucer's sinecure as drainage inspector from Greenwich to Woolwich. Incidentally, Parliament first petitioned against the burning of coal in London as a danger to health as long ago as the year 1306!

P. B. R.

The Oxford Companion to French Literature. By SIR PAUL HARVEY and J. E. HESELTINE. *Oxford.* 45*s.*

Student, school and 'common reader' will all find this volume valuable. Within the time limits of AD 400 and 1939, major writers are given full treatment and their chief works listed separately (novels being synopsised); minor writers are documented and their connections with the masters and the various movements well chartered; fictional characters who have acquired their own fame have their biographies; famous events, places, battles, controversies, non-literary figures are described and set in their literary context; cross references are adequate. In addition, there are essays on the different genres—essays which contain, as well as pure history, enough criticism and selectivity for a beginner to start reading with open eyes and, with the help of the bibliographical appendix, then to go on to more elaborate critical works.

The style is more than merely encyclopædic, and Dr Heseltine in particular allows herself free use of adjectives and occasionally of judgment. This makes for lively reading and some irritation. The choice of post-war entries is questionable (no mention of Beckett, Ionesco or Genet); but Dr Heseltine warns us that the work is not intended to be a 'Guide to Contemporary French Authors'.

P. H.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,518 **Set by L. Clarendon**

A petition has been presented in the House of Commons seeking to prevent the maltreatment of the music and lyrics of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas when the copyright expires. The usual prizes are offered for the best Gilbertian comment on this situation. Not more than 16 lines; entries by 7 April.

Result of No. 1,515 **Set by G. W. Stonier**

The usual prizes are offered for a lyric from *Don't Be a Great Dane*, the musical of *Hamlet* Limit 16 lines.

Report

The zest and skill with which competitors have flung themselves into *Don't Be a Great Dane* have provided me with two hours' splendid entertainment from which I come away rather shaken. Those old Elsinore bones have danced; Dad in the orchard and Gertie in her boudoir have made the flesh creep and the heart twang; a Solid Flesh Five led by Yorick has jigged away in session under the battlements; Count Polony has dispensed worldly advice as a Wise Old Thing and got what was coming to him as Peeping Tom; Pheely, with a more understanding loopiness, has got her Ham; Ham has had those Danish Blues, juggled skulls, given advice to the Players for a long run, whined at Pop, howled at Mum, and used his flick knife at the last; 'Dig, dig, dig' has risen the chorus out of the grave; and Guilders and Rosie have been at hand when a Trio or a Quintet needed making up.

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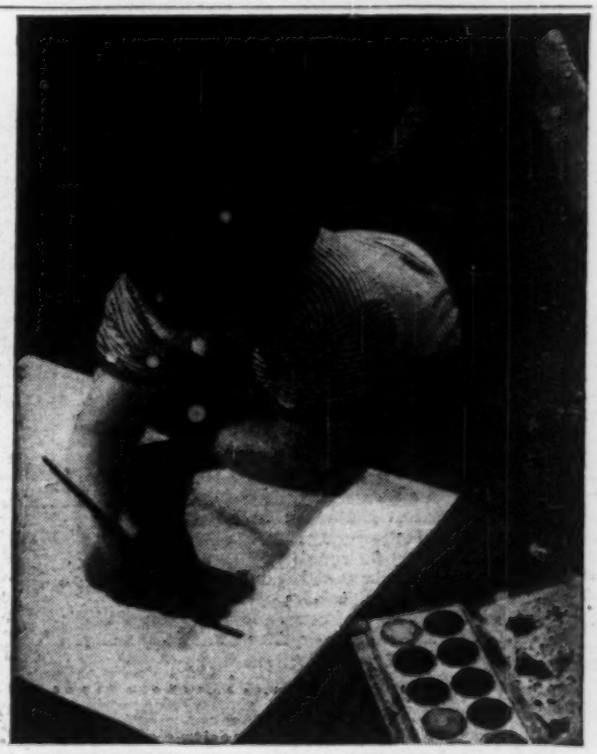
A world of his own



He is in another world, so absorbed that for the moment you are forgotten. He feels secure because you, his father, are always there to comfort and provide for him. He never thinks it could be otherwise.

But you know differently. You know there is a possibility that he and his mother might one day be left alone, and that much of the security and comfort, the plans for his future, would be gone.

It is an anxious thought, but one which adequate life assurance can help to dispel. A Prudential policy could never take your place, but it could make a lot of difference to your son's future.

For advice on personal life assurance plans . . .

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PRUDENTIAL

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It has been very difficult to choose from so many who seem professional librettists, but finally I would recommend that the prizes should be divided between those printed, with the closest of runners-up in R. L. Bingham, E. S. Lewis, Isobel Cumming, Clifford Jackson and Hilary.

HAMLET: To keep the Court in order when its raining,
We have a bunch of actors on the staff;
Tonight they do a little entertaining—
I want the King and Queen to have a laugh.

ALL: How—now! This'll be a wow—
Laughter goes and trickles down the drain.
How—now! When he takes a bow,
Hamlet's done his worst to entertain.

GUILD: To dub the show a laugh is simply fiction;
He ought to know the tears will be a flood—
With horrid truth inserted in the diction,
His entertaining players ask for blood.
How—now! . . .

ROSEN: The gloomy Dane at work is rather thrilling—
I own the man is giving me the creeps—
We've simply been invited to a killing,
With Royalty lying all around in heaps.
How—now! . . .

JOHN THORNTON

HAM: Be you optical illusion
Or a visitor from Mars,
I confess (with some confusion)
That your face is like my pa's.
I am bound to ask the question
What you're doing back in town:
Am I right in my suggestion
That you're dead but won't lie down?

GHOST: It's a wise child knows his father,
Which implies that you are wise,
Though the reason might be rather
That you have a pair of eyes.
And my cause for coming, chiefly,
Is that I've got news to tell.
To put it very briefly,
Your father's been through hell.

ANTONY JAY

HAMLET: To be or not to be—
The question comes again.
To be or not to be—
It's running through my brain.

But why should I pretend
The choice is left to me
To be or not to be?

To be at once set free
From all my grief and pain;
To be or not to be
A happy man again—

There's only one reply,
The only thing to do—
To be
In love with you!

LOTHARIO

OPHELIA: I am in love with a dear de-
Lightfully introvert weirdie,
I've a guy who is not like other guys.
You may think that it's surprising,
I love his soliloquising,
I can't resist those moody, broody eyes.

He treats me rough it's true,
And he sees things at nights,
But what's a girl to do?
He looks so cute in tights.
They say he'll never make his mind up,
But if he asks me he won't have to ask twice.
They say that in a nasty mess he'll wind up,
But a boy who loves his mother must be nice.
So tell them at the Nunnery I won't be dropping by,
'Cos I'm going crazy over the craziest guy!

H. BAUM

CLAUDIUS: I've got those Great Dane
Grumblegut Blues;
Who'd be a Great Dane?
If I could choose.
I'd be a squeaky Pug snug in a lady's lap,
I'd take a cheeky Peke at her, then take a nap;
I'd be a Cocker;
To make my trouble end
Some lady docker
Should clip my stubble-end;
I'd be a Poodle who barks a toodle-oo,
I'd be a Kerry-blue instead of *very* blue,
To Dog at Cruft's (in Photonews)—
I'd be an Otter-hound—but am I *not* a hound?
A tyke? A cur? An oughter-bin-drowned
Because of Great Dane Grumblegut Blues!

J. A. LINDON

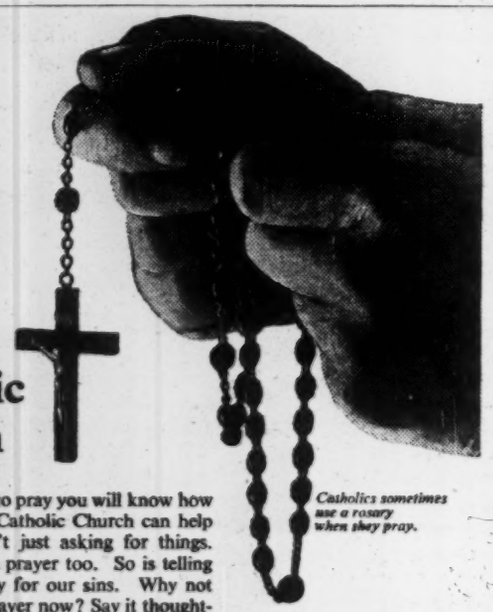
GRAND FINALE

POL. My daughter's ducking in the stream
Has cured her barmy bout.
HAM. How fortunate I heard her scream
In time to fish her out.
LAER. I smeared the bluntest blade I had
With patent steriliser.

KING. I no more pipped the prince's dad
Than murdered Julius Cæsar.
QUEEN. That stuff the king put in the soup
Was just a bit of fun.
OPH. And I'm engaged at last—the goop,
I'd never make a nun.
ALL. No longer, then, will we lament,
But start rejoicing rather
That we've contrived to circumv . . .
Enter Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

BARBARA ROE

CITY LIGHTS *will be resumed next week.*



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N.S. 31/2

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5/-, 10/6 *and* 15/-. **Booking** *Gaiety Theatre, Dublin.*

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The London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor Sir Malcolm Sargent with Claudio Arrau (Piano).
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A new work by Peter Darrell of the Western Theatre Ballet.
The Cork Symphony Orchestra. Conductor Aloy Fleischmann.
Cork International Choral & Folk Dance Festival.
Booking & Prices *from Cork Tostal Office, 25 Patrick Street, Cork.*

June 14-21 **DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND THE ARTS**
The Sistine Choir. Conductor Monsignore Domenico Bartolucci.
Antonio & his Spanish Ballet.
Mahler's Second Symphony, by the combined Halle Orchestra, Radio Eireann Symphony Orchestra and Our Lady's Choral Society. Victoria Elliott (soprano), Eugenia Zareska (contralto). Conductor Sir John Barbirolli.
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Celebrity Concert: Radio Eireann Symphony Orchestra. Conductor Sir John Barbirolli. Soloist Gina Bachauer (Piano).
Celebrity Concert. Halle Orchestra. Conductor Sir John Barbirolli.
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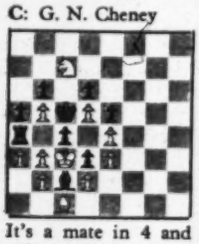
Booking now open

The Chess Board

No. 489. + & —

Whoever can view the nation's budget and even his personal debit and credit statements with a certain degree of equanimity, may well enjoy two chess problems neatly depicting the conventional symbols for plus and minus. Yet, with due consideration for those of us who may be allergic to any such subjects, I had better disguise the pictorial qualities of **A** and **B** by Forsyth-notation while obtaining my seasonal connotation by **C** and its thoroughly unobjectionable likeness of an Easter egg. It's a mate in 4 and vastly overrated at 6 ladder-points. As for the preceding two pieces, saving my scanty space as well as other people's budgetary blushes, here is **A:** /16/4p3/4Kt3/2KBKtkP1/4p3/4R3/8/. Mate in 3 and rating 4 points. And now **B:** /24/1QbkBKp1/32/. Mate in 4 and rating 5 points. The authors of both pieces are unknown and the same sort of folklore quality applies to **D**. I happened to discover it in a very ancient magazine, and we should be pleased to see that Black has still got all his bits and pieces, albeit in a somewhat cramped position. What matters now is so to dispose the White forces as to achieve a mate in 2 by the least possible means; and I will make this a veritable bargain at 7 ladder-points by adding the extremely useful hint that the object can be achieved by the absolute minimum means of K & P. No holiday weekend being complete without at least one sui-mate to please our numerous new addicts to that delightful type of problem! **E** is a fairly tricky one, a sui-mate in 10. And for the uninitiated I had better explain that White is to commit suicide, as it were, by forcing Black to mate him in 10 moves. 8 ladder-points for this may well be the fair rate for the job, but it will be mere child's play when considering my very useful hint that every one of those advanced pawns is out for a bishopric rather than a queenly crown.

C: G. N. Cheney



E: Josef Krejcik 1925

F and **G** are both wins for White, and very neat endgame studies, too. They are not too easy, but certainly nowhere near as difficult as to justify my rating them at 10 points each; my only excuse for such extravagance being my wish to bring the grand total up to 50 points. Usual prizes. Entries by 6 April

F: D. Przepiorka 1920

G: D. Joseph 1922

REPORT on No. 486. Set 7 March.

A: In view of the mating threat Kt-K6 wins the Q even after . . . KxB.

B: (1) P-B7, K-Q2; (2) B-B5! If . . . K-B2; (2) B-Q5! If . . . B-Q2 ch; (2) B-B6!

C: (1) R-R3 ch!, K-Kt2; (2) R-Kt3 ch, K-R3; (3) R-Q3!, B-B6 ch; (4) K-R7!, P=Q, (5) RxP ch! ! etc.

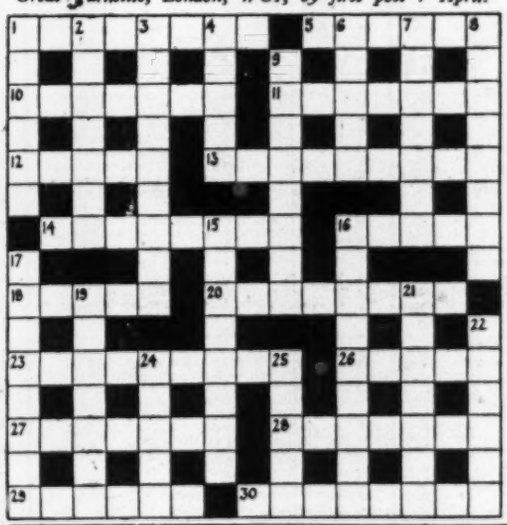
(1) R-Q3? refuted by. . . B-B6 ch. If (2) . . . K-B1? (or anywhere on B-file); (3) R-Q3! and . . . B-B6 ch would be ruled out by the check.

Many correct solutions. Prizes: K. Beaumont, J. R. Harman, J. W. Lane, J. G. Lloyd, G. Roblin.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 348

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 348, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 7 April.



ACROSS

1. Game which provides only half the golfer's targets (8).
5. Father has his daughter's backing throughout (6).
10. Tremble and contend about the child (7).
11. Player who fluffs his part (7).
12. Verb active defined by Mr Squeers (5).
13. Lover whose rare four are spoilt (9).
14. Walker would be a master without a degree if there were no list (8).
16. 'But every lady would be —— for life' (Pope) (5).
18. Employing the upper class to entertain (5).
20. Joyful celebration which is a variety of evil fast (8).
23. Delayed recovery on one side (9).
26. The world has a change of heart (5).
27. Sketch of one who did a far, far better thing about nothing (7).
28. Courteous note returned with the story (7).
29. Counter time (6).
30. Blows up in final disintegration with the match not quite finished (8).

DOWN

1. Virtuous beginner (6).
2. Finest drama consecrated (7).
3. Music which is no good for the Hillbillies? (9).
4. See 13 (5).
6. A river flowed in this island (5).
7. Old age goes nimbly up for a pin (7).
8. Witticism with two circles for driving (8).
9. Place in France to give the worker a form of rest (8).
15. Means of saving half one cat with another (8).
16. A lot of weapons for Harding's rival (9).
17. The fruit of one and more good shots (8).
19. Meantime in winter I miss the sun (7).
21. The performer has to steal an article in the performance (7).
22. Ropes or what escapers may use as such (6).
24. Waterway in which there is stone under the river (5).
25. 'The pain of finite hearts that ——' (Browning) (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 346

P	I	R	A	N	D	E	L	L	O	■	E	R	O	S
O	■	E	■	O	■	N	■	I	■	I	■	E	■	U
S	A	C	K	B	U	T	■	K	I	N	G	C	U	P
H	■	T	■	L	■	R	■	E	■	V	■	L	■	P
■	H	O	M	E	W	A	R	D	■	O	R	I	E	L
F	■	R	■	■	■	N	■	■	I	■	N	■	E	■
L	A	Y	E	R	■	C	O	L	D	C	R	E	A	M
A	■	■	A	■	E	■	A	■	E	■	■	E	■	■
G	R	A	N	D	I	S	O	N	■	S	I	M	O	N
E	■	D	I	■	■	■	D	■	■	A	■	T	■	■
■	D	U	R	S	■	H	E	R	E	W	A	R	D	■
O	■	L	■	H	■	I	■	O	■	I	■	P	■	B
N	E	A	R	E	S	T	■	V	A	N	I	L	L	A
E	■	T	■	S	■	C	■	E	■	E	■	O	■	C
S	T	E	N	■	S	H	O	R	E	D	I	T	C	H

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 346

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RESIDENT SOCIAL WORKER at Crowley House on the outskirts of Birmingham. This appointment provides opportunity for intensive family case work as mothers with a variety of family problems are in residence with their children for up to four months. Fathers stay at week-ends. Applicants should be interested to work with a team of trained workers in all activities of the Home, but take special responsibility for after-care of families who have returned to their homes.

A social studies qualification is necessary for both these posts.

Salaries will be in accordance with recognised scales.

Further particulars and application forms from the Secretary, The Middlemore Homes, Crowley House, Weoley Park Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham, 29.

UNIVERSITY of The Witwatersrand, Johannesburg. Department of Social Anthropology and African Administration. Applications are invited from persons with qualifications in social anthropology for appointment to a post of Lecturer on the staff of the Department of Social Anthropology and African Administration. Teaching experience and knowledge of African administration will be recommendations. Duties are to be assumed as soon as possible. The salary will be according to the scale £1,170×£60–£1,650 p.a. A commencing salary above the minimum notch may be paid on the grounds of special qualifications or experience. Membership of the University Institutions Provident Fund is compulsory, and membership of the University's Staff Medical Aid Fund is compulsory in the case of an officer who is found eligible in terms of the rules. Intending applicants are advised to obtain a copy of the Information Sheet relating to this vacancy from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in South Africa and London on 21 April, 1959.

THE University of Sheffield. Department of Extramural Studies. A Staff Tutor is required, with qualifications in Economics and an interest in problems of Trade Union Education and Industrial Relations, to take up duties from 1 September 1959. Salary Scale: Staff Tutor (Probationary), £700×£50–£850; Staff Tutor, £900×£50–£1,350×£75–£1,650, with FSSU provision and family allowances. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications (10 copies) by 11 April 1959 to the Registrar, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE University of Sheffield. Department of Extramural Studies. A Senior Staff Tutor is required, with qualifications in Economics and an interest in problems of Trade Union Education, to take up duties from 1 September 1959. The post will include, in addition to some teaching duties, responsibility for the supervision and development of trade union and similar classes. Salary £1,650, with FSSU provision and family allowances. Applications (10 copies) by 11 April 1959 to the Registrar, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Research Officer in the Social Science Department. The appointment will be for three years from a date to be arranged but not later than October 1, 1959. Subject to satisfactory qualifications and experience, the salary will be £1,500×£75 to £1,650 per annum. The appointment is in connection with an enquiry into family life and kinship in the Swansea area and will have special reference to the position of old people. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applications (six copies) must be received by Saturday, 4 April 1959.

MATHS and Elementary Science Master, and also a Master mainly for English (resident) for a Preparatory School that is different. Situated in a very beautiful park in Sussex. Married quarters available. Apply to Box No. 7017.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CHIEF Architects: Directorate of Works, War Office. Two pensionable posts for men at Chessington, Surrey, in (1) the Development Group, and (2) Works (Abroad). Qualifications: candidates must be Registered Architects and hold professional qualifications in architecture. Additionally, for (1) they must have experience of development work and client-architect briefing in a large organisation, and of development of building types to meet special requirements together with current knowledge of the various institutions concerned with the development of building standards, techniques and research. They should be familiar with up-to-date cost control and cost analysis methods; for (2) they must have experience in the organisation of a large building programme involving the co-ordination of the several specialist services involved. Duties: (1) To take charge of the Development Group, which is part of an expanding organisation responsible for the design and supervision of the Army's new building work at home and overseas. The Group undertakes original research and development work on functional and structural problems, reviews designs of a wide variety of buildings used by the Army, and examines new building techniques and materials. (2) To direct overseas building work with support of administrative and technical services and of a development group, to enable him to organise the staff on the basis of a real programme of work with priorities and targets, both concerning cost, building time, and value for money. The type of building requirement will vary from time to time and will include housing, hospitals, barracks, amenities, industrial buildings, storage and other specialist buildings. Salary (London) £3,000. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, for application form, quoting S4962/59. Closing date 14 April 1959.

CENTRAL Office of Information, Films Division, invites applications for the following posts: (1) Information Officer (unestablished) to take charge of a portion of a television film programme specifically designed for overseas distribution. Candidates should have had practical experience of the special techniques of television film production with special emphasis on interview programmes. Qualities called for include the ability to work quickly and imaginatively and to interpret information themes in terms of the television film. Salary £1,150 to £1,330 (men); £1,102 to £1,280 (women). (P.E. Ref. No. 464.) (2) Assistant Information Officer (unestablished) to assist in production of television films for overseas distribution. A strongly developed visual sense coupled with the ability to work quickly under pressure are essential qualities for the work. Some experience of overseas information and a working knowledge of television film production, including interview programmes an advantage. Salary according to exp. and quals., rising to a max. of £1,085 (men); £1,038 (women). (P.E. Ref. No. 465.) Write to Ministry of Labour & National Service, Professional & Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon Street, London, EC4, quoting relevant P.E. Ref. No. and giving age, full details of experience and quals. Only those persons selected for interview will be advised.

BBC requires Assistant for Microphone Publicity (Sound Broadcasting) to co-ordinate and extend microphone publicity for BBC programmes. This includes full responsibility for current microphone publicity activities such as Programme Parade and programme trailers. Ability to write for the microphone is essential, also a wide range of interests in the field of entertainment, music and current affairs. Some experience in journalism or publicity would be an advantage. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1048 N.Stn) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

SHROPSHIRE Education Committee. Adult Tutor Organiser. Applications invited from men and women for the post of Area Tutor Organiser for adult education in the industrial east and rural south east of the county. There has already been pioneer work in the area and the tutor should carry it further and break new ground. Insight and resource needed in approach to sections of the community mainly outside the appeal of the usual organisations of adult education. The tutor will help in his own subject outside his own area and at the Adult College at Attingham Park, and will co-operate with the band of colleagues from University, Attingham, WEA, LEA. Degree is essential, some form of teaching experience desirable. Wide range of interests valuable in addition to specialism. Salary, Burnham plus £125. Car essential; travelling and subsistence allowances on County scale. Form and particulars (s.a.e.) from undersigned; due back 11 April. H. Martin Wilson, Secretary for Education, County Buildings, Shrewsbury.

QUALIFIED Psychiatric Social Worker required by LCC for six half-days a week at Mile Oak Approved School, Portslade. Duties mainly involve visiting Boys' Homes in London. Whitley salary, £475 10s. including London Weighting, and conditions. Particulars and application forms from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/B), County Hall, London, SE1. Closing date 6 April. (602)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Required for three years in first instance, Deputy Curator for Geffrye Museum, Kingsland Road, London, E2. Appreciation of antiques, knowledge of contemporary educational trends, and interest in cultural work in a London Borough desired. Art and Craft ability an advantage, teaching experience desirable. £800-£1,000, with appointment above minimum exceptionally. Application forms, with details, from Education Officer (EO/Estab.2/H), County Hall, London, SE1, returnable by 14 April 1959. (527.)

LONDON County Council. Barnsbury Secondary (G) School, Barnsbury Park, London, N1. Headmistress required in September for this secondary school for about 1,100 girls. Burnham group XVII (based on average unit total of 1927 for 1956/58). Courses provided in needlework, commercial subjects, housecraft and craft as well as courses leading to GCE (O and A level). Forms TS10 from and returnable to Education Officer (TS10), County Hall, London, SE1. (Candidates who have completed Form TS10 within last year and have nothing to alter may complete Form TS10B). Closing date 4 April. (596)

LONDON County Council. Experienced Social Worker preferably with Social Science qualification required for permanent appointment as Assistant Local Organiser under Mental Deficiency Acts. Duties include visiting and reporting on mental defectives living in the community. £592 10s.-£792 10s., commencing according to qualifications and experience. Abated commencing salary for persons under 24. Apply Medical Officer of Health (PH/D. 1/577), County Hall, SE1. Forms returnable by 2 April.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Educational Psychologist (full-time) initially at Ealing Child Guidance Centre, 42 Madeley Rd, Ealing, W5. Honours degree in Psychology or equiv. recognised clinical training, exper. in teaching & as Educational Psychologist desirable. Responsible for selection for secondary education, etc.; post is senior of 3. Salary (Soulbury II) £1,207-£1,470 (male), £1,149-£1,385 (female), plus special duties allowance of £100. Prescribed conditions. Application forms and further particulars from Chief Education Officer (Ref. GP.), 10 Gt George St, SW1, returnable by 7 April. (Quote Z.275, NS & N). Canvassing disqualifies.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Youth leaders (trained & experienced, part-time) initially in Willesden area. Fee 29s 6d. p. eve. Full particulars & application forms (s.a. f'scap. env.) from Borough Education Officer, 163 Willesden Lane, NW6, returnable by 8 April. (Quote Z.336 NS.)

WEST Riding County Council. The West Riding Education Committee invite applications from men or women for the post of Inspector of Schools. Full details of the post will be sent to those who apply but the main duties of the person appointed will be to serve the schools in an area by stimulating and encouraging development in them. The salary scale will be: men, £1,575×£52 10s. to £1,837 10s.; women, £1,517×£42 plus equal pay instalments to £1,837 10s. Application forms may be obtained from, and should be returned to, The Education Officer, County Hall, Wakefield, not later than 14 days after this advertisement appears.

BEDFORDSHIRE County Council—Health Department. Appointment of Social Workers. Applications are invited for two posts as Social Worker in the Health Department—one for work in Luton and one in Bedford and the north of the County. The persons appointed will work under the appropriate Divisional Medical Officer. The possession of an academic qualification in social science is desirable but not essential. Experience of family case-work or other forms of social work is necessary and the persons appointed will be selected for their personal qualities and approach to the work rather than on academic qualifications. Salary on A.P.T. Grade I of the National Joint Council for Local Authorities' Staffs, viz.—£575×£30–£725. Commencing salary according to experience. Travelling allowances on Council's Scale. Possession of a car desirable. Loan facilities available. Applications (on forms obtainable from County Medical Officer, Health Department, Phoenix Chambers, High Street, Bedford) should be submitted as soon as possible.

THE National Hospitals for Nervous Diseases. Applications are invited for the appointment of Assistant Psychologist, at The National Hospital, Queen Square, London, WC1. The appointment is full-time. An Honours Degree (or equivalent qualification) in Psychology is essential, and postgraduate research experience in experimental or clinical psychology would be an advantage. The appointment is for a period of one year in the first instance. Salary will be in accordance with the Whitley Council scale. Applications, giving the names of two referees, to be sent to The Secretary, The National Hospitals for Nervous Diseases, Queen Square, London, WC1, not later than 10 April, 1959.

CITY of Oxford Children's Department. Resident Assistant House Mother wanted to take charge of a group of 6 children in a Reception Home accommodating 30 children. Post offers good opportunities to those seeking Case Work and residential experience. Particulars from City Children's Officer, 10 Worcester Street, Oxford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ASSISTANT Director of Examinations (Modern Languages): Pensionable post in the Civil Service Commission, London, for man or woman with good (preferably first-class) honours degree in modern languages, will shortly become vacant by promotion. Preference for German, Russian or Arabic: qualifications in Romance languages only insufficient. University, school, or other teaching experience desirable; experience of public examining, interviewing, or administration an advantage. Duties include discussion and preparation of examination papers from GCE to Final Honours level; administrative work in connection with competitions; interviewing; talks to schools. Selection by interview in May 1959. Starting salary according to experience and present salary on scale £1,110-£1,935. Teaching service may be aggregated with Civil Service for superannuation purposes. FSSU may count as qualifying service. Promotion possibilities within the Commission or to administrative work. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting 4959/59. Closing date 16 April 1959.

THE Educational Settlement, Pontypool, Monmouthshire. Applications are invited to the post of full-time Warden/Educational Officer, of the Pontypool Educational Settlement, to start as soon as possible. The Settlement is a voluntary institution, substantially grant-aided by the Monmouthshire Education Committee, catering for Adult Education of a liberal nature, in the Eastern Valley of Monmouthshire. Conditions of service of the Warden/Education Officer will be similar to those obtaining for teachers in the direct employ of the Monmouthshire Education Committee. Salary is equivalent to that of the Burnham Scale for Teachers in Establishments for Further Education (Grade A) plus a special allowance of £250 per annum; point of entry will be determined in the light of the successful applicant's qualifications and experience. Administrative experience will be an added qualification. Application forms, returnable by 11 April 1959, and further particulars, obtained on receipt of s.a.e. from: Director of Education, County Hall, Newport, Mon.

RESIDENTIAL Youth Centre, Clarance House, Thaxted. Applications are invited from married couples for joint residential posts, vacant from 1 September 1959, of Warden and Matron. The Centre, with accommodation for 30 young people, has long been established as an integral part of the Youth Service in Essex. The Warden, who will be responsible for the planning and organisation of a wide variety of short courses and ancillary matters, should have degree, social science diploma or teachers' certificate, and experience in Youth work. Salary £650×£25 to £1,025 per annum, plus £75 additional allowance and additions equivalent to those under the Burnham Reports for graduation and training and the 5 per cent increase. Increments within scale for previous recognised service. A deduction of £160 per annum is made for board/residence. The Matron will be responsible for general household arrangements and will act as hostess. Nursing or domestic science qualification or relevant qualification and experience in Youth work an advantage. Salary £400×£20 to £480 per annum, less £116 per annum for board/residence. Accommodation is available for children at reasonable charge. Details and forms (stamped addressed foolscap envelope) from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date 4 April 1959.

ASSISTANT Housemother required for a residential home in Reigate for 16 young, mentally handicapped children, aged 5-10. Experience with young normal children is essential, and professional qualification (e.g., NNEB or Child Care Certificate) desirable. Salary and conditions of service according to Whitley Scale for nursing assistants (£320 to £515 depending on age and experience). Apply, within two weeks, giving names of two referees, to National Society for Mentally Handicapped Children Research Unit, Fountain Hospital, London, SW17.

REQUIRED, Organiser for Citizens' Advice Bureau in E. London immediately. Social Science Diploma advantage. Apply in writing with two references to Warden, Canning Town Women's Settlement, 2-4 Cumberland Rd, E13.

MATRON exp., interested child development wanted for small boarding dept. Scope for initiative boys/girls 8/16. Good salary and hols. Hampstead area. Box 7090.

CITIZENS Advice Bureaux. (a) Staff required for Central London. Candidates should have Social Science qualifications. Training given, during which a maintenance allowance is paid. Salary when trained £470×£15 to £560 p.a. (b) Holiday Relief Staff required for the summer months. Applicants should have social work experience. Salary at the rate of £425 p.a. Apply in writing: CAB Liaison Officer, Family Welfare Association, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

SHORTHAND Typists required by the London Co-operative Society, Ltd, for their Headquarters at Stratford. Trade Union rates of pay; canteen facilities. Apply to Clerical Staff Officer, 54 Maryland St, Stratford, E15.

ACCOUNTANTS qual. & snr bookkeepers. Please write St. Paul's Agency Ltd, 35 Copthall Ave, EC2. NAT. 9494.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ADMINISTRATIVE Secretary required by London Headquarters of International Planned Parenthood Federation. Full-time, interesting and responsible post. Suit married woman with no family responsibilities as some travel necessary. Previous experience in international affairs, organisation of conferences, public speaking an advantage but personality equally important. Salary £700–£1,000. Apply within seven days in writing only, stating age, qualifications and experience, to 69 Eccleston Square, London, SW1, marking envelope 'Application'.

HAMPSTEAD. Experienced Junior Mistress. Interested in independent responsible work (pref. Froebel). Recog.; Burnham Scale. St Mary's Town & Country School, 38 Eton Avenue, NW3.

PHYSICS. Grad. woman tutor reqd end Apr. for pt-time work Lon. W1. Box 7094.

HISTORY & English teacher, girls' pleasant small tutorial divs to GCE (O level), May, up to £10 morn. No duties. Box 7215.

FULL- or part-time teacher required. Private Preparatory School, North London. Small classes: Interesting work. Good remuneration for conscientious, responsible person with experience. Write: The Principal, Abraham Grunwald Study Centre, c/o 22 Aprey Gardens, NW4.

TYPING an asset, reliability essential in looking after Fabian Society membership records. £8 p.w. and increments. Mon.–Fri. 4 weeks holiday. Write, General Secretary, 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1.

CONSUMERS' Association publishers of 'Which?' require project officer, male, to organise tests of consumer goods. Qualifications: intelligence, initiative, commonsense, and some technical and scientific experience. Salary according to experience. Apply: Director, 333 High Holborn, London, WC1.

WANTED, Assistant to Secretary of voluntary society dealing with social questions. Would suit woman with secretarial experience who likes to use own initiative. Work varied and interesting. Commencing salary £450. Good holidays, pension scheme. Write Box 7247.

CARDIFF Solicitors require young solicitor or unadmitted clerk. Must be competent conveyancing draftsman. Progressive salary in the £900–£1,200 per annum range & beyond according to experience & ability. Excellent prospects. Box 7181.

A CHANCE in a million for a lady of good education (at least GCE) to get in on the ground floor of an expanding staff agency in the City. Age 25/35. Must be a good mixer and possess an easy conversational manner at all levels. Salary £520 p.a. plus commission £2/£4 per week. Write for application form to Box 7159.

ENTHUSIASTIC & congenial person required as resident representative & guide for British holiday groups at Tyrolean hotel. April-Oct. Knowledge of German. Box 7255.

DESIGNER (full-time) wanted for Machine Tool makers' brochures, catalogues, mailing pieces, etc. Ideas and finished art work, knowledge of typography. F. J. Edwards Limited, 359 Euston Road, London, NW1.

GENERAL secretary with a knowledge of typing wanted for small press agency office. Good prospects for someone with initiative, organising ability, personality, & good command of English. Knowl. Italian an advantage. Initial salary £9 week. Write World Press Features, 15 Hay Hill, London, W1.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

TEMP. employt any kind, 16/30 Aug., for male 36, all-rounder. Own scooter. Advtg/Publicity 50 weeks per year. Box 7205.

EXC. dressmaker Austrian (over 50), also v. expd lingerie reqs work. Box 7149.

SHORTHAND-typist, bi-lingual Hungarian, seeks position. Box 7142.

FELLOWSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

THE University of Birmingham. The University will offer a number of Scholarships, value £270–£340, to graduates and to those expected to graduate this summer who wish to read for higher degrees in the Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. There will be opportunities for advanced study and training in research in all the main departments of the Faculty and also in subjects common to more than one department. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, The University, Birmingham 15, to whom applications should be sent before 13 June 1959.

THE University of Birmingham. Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. Edward Wilshaw Postgraduate Exhibition. One Exhibition, of the order of £200, but the amount to be determined in each case by the applicant's merits and circumstances, will be offered each year from a fund founded by Sir Edward Wilshaw, KCMG, DL, LL.D, FCIS, JP. The Exhibition is open to graduates of this and other Universities who wish to prepare themselves for careers in business administration and management and who propose to read for the Graduate's Commerce Diploma in business administration. Applications (two copies) including the names of two referees should be sent by 13 June 1959 to the Registrar, The University, Birmingham 15.

PERSONAL

FLAT (furnished) offered return for part care of home, father with two children (9 & 10½); Finchley. Only persons genuinely fond of children. Married couple with own child welcome. Box 7204.

URGENTLY required for widow (28) with baby, unfurn./furn. flat, pref. SW1/3/7/10 or NW1/3 from approx. May. Box 7061.

ILLEGITIMATE baby desperately seeks work of any type for impecunious mum with mortgage & typewriter. Box 6915.

TEACHER'S widow, Hung. (38) offers (f.) free accom., compan. Easter. BUC. 4901.

YUGOSLAV judge's son (16), from Zagreb, excell. English, wishes exch. visit boy sim. age. Marks, 25 Newton Road, W2.

OLD lady, 82 years young, supple mind but stiffening knees, expert weaver, seeks younger compan. share cottage (mod. conv.) and studio near Inverness, summer mths. MacEwen, 31 Tanza Rd, NW3. HAM. 2138.

PAKISTANI (29), good educ., Cinematographic exp., ACTT app., disappointed English cold-shouldering, seeks film work, camera pref., or anything else cons. Box 6684.

DIANNE, 19, seeks fellow-hitch-hiker for expedition to Kashmir. Box 7210.

ARTIST (f) 30's, cottage Essex, shs pied-à-terre London in week. Likes children, etc. Housekeep. to reduce rent. Box 6681.

HOLIDAY tour abroad: young man 30's shs companion (m). Share exps. Box 7259.

WANTED, educ. pleas. compan. prepared to do some cooking for slightly incapacitated middle-aged lady. Lon. area. Box 7190.

VACATION employment sought by gentleman, 30s, with secretarial qualifications. What offers? Box 7259.

FAMILY Care Service. The Tavistock Clinic seeks Family Care homes in North West London for adolescent boarders of both sexes, aged 14–19, who may be either at work or at school or college, while they are undergoing psychological treatment as out-patients; opportunities provided for sharing responsibility in close co-operation with Clinic staff. Normal family environment necessary. Apply in writing to: Medical Director, Tavistock Clinic, 2 Beaumont Street, London, W1.

CANNES. Charming two-bedroomed villa available April–July inclusive. 15-30 Sept. Priv. bathroom, breakfast terrace, garden. Buses every twenty minutes. Box 7244.

LARGE bed/sit. use kit., bath, tel. offered exchange care boy (6), 3.30-5.30 term time. N. London. Box 7251.

CONSPIRACY between Feiffer and Carter? (q.v. Personal 14th, 21st). Confirmation from H. Carter, 94 Church Rd, Richmond (s.a.e.).

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA. 4354.

ANTIBES, furnished accommodation, artist's house. Box 6813.

ROME. Artist's flat avail. 1 July 10 wks. Resident maid, all comf., v. central. Mod. E.M.H., Via Romagnosi 20/14, Rome, Italy.

ST Ives, Cornwall. Accom. in artist's large old house overlkg sea. Box 6532.

VILLA Italian Riviera to let from April onwards. SW1. 4723.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably au pair. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton Street, SW3. KEN 1586.

GERMAN for GCE. Language/literature all levels. Native teachers. Ashley College, GER. 8782.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Setogai, WEL. 6655 for details.

EXPERIENCED Journalist writes speeches, reports, articles, books. Box 6365.

MASSAGE for health & fitness relieves nervous tension. HAM. 2514. 1-5 p.m.

FOREIGN girls domest. and willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) requiring free board & lodg in exch. 4 hrs help, (3) also small contribution for board and lodg & 2 hrs help. Educateur, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

FUNCTIONS Organiser available. Enquiries: MOS, Dominion House, Bartholomew Close. MON. 4175.

INTERPRET for foreign holidays, 3 LP records & 2 books. Only £3 10s. post-free. French, Spanish, Italian & German. Free trial. No deposit. Burnerlea Book Sales, Ltd (Dept. Visaphone NS), 10 Bayley St, WC1.

MARK Gerson, photographer, has moved his studio to 16 Woodstock St, Mayfair, W1. MAY. 0609. Price list on request.

OUR Next-Day-Printing Service aims to despatch your Printed Stationery the day after receipt of order. Prices: Lowest that good quality allows. Write DDP, Millhams St, Christchurch, Hants.

IN 1939 2 gns. would have bought you a haybox or a portrait by Anthony Panting; an enquiry to 30 Abbey Gardens will reassure you that the latter is still good value.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

ORIGINAL paintings at less than reproduction prices. 500 works by the best English masters of the last 150 years at prices from 10s. to £10. Please write for lists from Holder, 73 Castelnau, SW13.

PERSONAL—continued

HAMPSTEAD Festival of the Arts. 30 May to 13 June. Competitions. Art: Open Competitions in Oil and Water Colour. Children's Competition – Three age groups. Literary: One-Act Play or Short Story for Children. Music: Singing and Piano – Amateur and Open. Open Competitions for Instrumentalists and Ensembles. Photography: Senior and Junior Competitions. Get your entry forms & details now from: The Festival Secretary, Burgh House, Well Walk, Hampstead, NW3.

MAKE the Irving Theatre Bar, Leicester Square, a meeting place for your friends. Open from 3 p.m. until midnight. Annual Bar membership 10s.

HUMANISM, a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

SIMON Dewes, Author of best sellers, advises on your MSS: The Forge, Kettleburgh, Suffolk.

AN Open Invitation to add to life's enjoyment. Sip El Cid Sherry. It's a superb light Amontillado, full-bodied, thoroughly pleasing. Give it to your guests, your sisters and your cousins and your aunts. Watch them beam.

PUBLISHERS would consider scripts on Educational Subjects: Languages, Commerce, Adult Education, etc. Synopsis and 1st lesson to Box 6732.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.

HAMPSTEAD Heath? Visit studio 14 Parliament Hill. Prue Prints original lively designs, makes Italian-type shirts, skirts, tablemats, divan covers. 'Phone SWI. 4924.

PERSONAL happiness, social harmony, racial, religious and moral tolerance are interdependent. You agree? Write Sec. (A), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

KNOW-How brings you Writing Success. No Sales – No Fees. Gift Year's Subscription to Britain's foremost magazine for Writers, also Free Writing Ability Test. Send for free N.1 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success'. BA School of Successful Writing, Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent, also Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1 (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

STOP Smoking At Once – or money back! Free booklet from Natural Health Co., Dept. J.14, 23 White Hart Lane, SW13.

AUTHORS Wanted. – Editors of Wizard, Rover, Hotspur, Adventure and Bunty wish to contact writers, experienced or potential, of boys' stories, girls' stories, with a view to eventual regular contribution. Editorial co-operation, payment on acceptance. Write (not call) Juvenile Story Editor, D. C. Thomson & Co., Ltd., 12 Fetter Lane, London, EC4.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

CONTINENT. Attractive posts for girls avail. Also wanted, p.g. accommodation and exchanges seaside/country for students. Educteur, 10 Exhibition Rd, London, SW7.

TV Urgently Needs Scripts! Our correspondence course can teach you to earn big money by writing TV scripts that sell. Individual and practical coaching by experts. Free Prospectus from Dept 104, Television Writing School, 7 Harley St, London, W1.

PLANNED Families Booklet free. Write Court Surgical Stores, Ltd, 12 Marriotts Court, Manchester, 2, for our price list of our Surgical goods.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

FAMILY Planning requisites by post anywhere. Booklet, price list free under sealed cover. Premier Laboratories Ltd, 315/46 Grays Inn Rd, London, WC1.

HOMOSEXUALS are still frequently prosecuted for acts committed by consenting adults in private. This is likely to continue until the law is changed. Write to The Homosexual Law Reform Society, 32 Shaftesbury Ave, London, W1.

DAVIES Investments Limited, Bankers, still offer 7½% on sums £20 to £500 (withdrawal on demand) with extra ½% on each £500 unit—details from Investment Dept N, Davies Investments Ltd, Danes Inn House, 265 Strand, London, WC2.

50 to 1,500 Books from MS at low cost by IBM typing. Broadcure Books, Ltd, Morley St, Bradford, 7.

PERSONAL—continued

BRAZIERS, Ipsden, Oxon: 'Square & Country Dancing', 10 April; 'Politics of the Future' & 'Weaving', 17 April. Send for full list.

CHRONIC Catarrh is commonly treated with drugs, inhalants, gargles, sprays, cauterisation and even surgery but, withal, the condition – the implacable enemy of fitness, activity, happiness (and beauty) – remains. Garlisol tablets will liquefy catarrh and purify and clear the whole system. Entirely harmless and benevolent; no drug reaction on the heart or any other organ. Not habit-forming. Send 52s. 6d. today (or 1,000 Garlisol tablets (six months' supply) with informative booklet of home treatment and dietary advice. – Garlisol Natural Remedies, Fairlight, Sussex.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St., London, W1.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

FLAT-Share Specialists – also furnished flats and rooms. Roy's Bureau, 40 Mortimer Street, W1. MUS. 0512.

HIGHGATE Woods. Sunny 2 rmd flat, fine view, own lav. Empid lady. TUD. 8160.

CONTEMPORARY large b/s., cooking fac., near Highgate, 50s. TUD. 0807.

CONTEMPORARY house, Blackheath, to let. May and June. Sleep three. Box 7228.

BACHELOR offers share comf. modern flat (London) to similar. Suit student or young graduate able cook occas. No other chores. Moderate for long term. Box 7218.

PROF. woman offers furn. bed-sit. & kit., suitable young lady, good travel City, West End. 35s. p.w. BARnet 1974 evenings.

WEST Indian (m.), Law Grad., offers share of s/c. flat, SW8, with Law student (m.) or similar, pref. 3rd year. MAC. 2717.

SUNNY, comfortable, furnished attic room, single, 42s. PUTney 1659.

S/C. furn. flat, b/s. rm & kit. Suit one. Med. rest. Quiet house. LAD. 3031.

LIGHT spacious sgle divan rm, cen. htg, con. hot w., linen, china, sep. ckg, share bth. NW2. Transport gd. 3 gns. WIL. 6025.

TWO bachelors offer share rather over-elegant flat, Victoria. About £5 10s. p.w. 'Phone WAT. 7117 office hours.

GROUND-floor room to let, suitable musician. Ring Willesden 3702.

ROOM plus htg, ckg, bath. 50s incl. No unreasonable restrictions. BAT. 5875.

HIGHGATE. Large 2-room flat, mod. decor. & furn. Use tel., bath. Suit married couple. 80s. p.w. Box 7174.

PETWORTH. Furn. s/c. 2-rm flat, share bath, rent-free to congenial female willing take chge 2 school children twice weekly in hols, some evenings, for part-time journalist mum. Box 7058.

HOLIDAY Flatlets in country house, overlooking N. Devon surfing beach, 8 gns. a wk. Duncan, Welcombe, Bideford.

CENTRAL Highlands, Cottage to let, simple but not stark. Donlellan, Foss by Pitlochry.

RATHER primitive bungalow on banks Helford River. Barker, Helford, Helston.

SALCOMBE Estuary. All-electric house, sleeps 8, baby equipment, 12ft dinghy sailing/o.b., garden, garage, available 29 June-8 Aug. Box 7173.

CORNWALL. Ten (only) detached cedar-wood chalets in peaceful valley near sea. Each beautifully equipped for 4 or 6, with own indoor flushing w.c., electric oven and h. & c. shower. No caravans or other bldgs on site. Regret full 4 July-5 Sept. S.a.e. for broch. to St Margaret's, Polgooth, St Austell.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

TWO businessmen req. s.c. furn. flat central London mid-April. Box 7250.

YNG Dr & wife req. sm. furn. s/c. flat 6 mths, 10-15 mins West End. Box 7261.

FURNISHED accommodation required London area, for American professor, wife and daughter, six weeks commencing 21 June. Weatherall, 19 Frognal Lane, NW3.

COMF. furn. bed/sit. London area, full board, wanted with nurse or person capable & prepared look after slightly incapacitated middle-aged lady. Box 7191.

GRAD. couple, exp. child, req. furn. house/flat June 2–6 mths lease. Box 7081.

WANTED: river-view furn. flat mid-May. 3 women graduates. Box 7161.

YOUNG prof. couple, 2 children, seek unfurn. flat/hse anywhere 20 m. radius Lond. Up to £6 and £300 prem. Box 7144.

COUNTRY cottage, moderate rent. 100-mile radius London. Short let furn. or long let unfurnished. Box 7033.

PROPERTIES TO LET

CO. Antrim, N. Ireland. Hillside cottage overlooking sea. Sleep 4; running water, gas. 10 mins from beach. Also 4-berth caravan. Easter onwards. Box 6874.

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN
THE ROYAL BALLET
Evgs. 7.30, Mats. Sats. 2.15
30 & 31 Mar. (evgs). The Sleeping Beauty
2 Apr. (evg),
4 Apr. (mat.) Le Lac des Cygnes
6 & 8 Apr. (evg) The Prince of the Pagodas

COVENT GARDEN OPERA
1 & 4 Apr. (evgs) Lucia di Lammermoor (in Italian)
3 Apr. (evg). A Masked Ball (revival)
Box Office open 10 a.m.-7.30 p.m.
COV. 1066.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tues. to Fri. 8.0, St. & Sn. 5 & 8. 'The Buskers', Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls, 3-yr Cont. revue fr 2.30, Sn. 4. 10th Ed 10th week. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems. tkt.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30 Th. 2.30 S. 5 & 8.15. The Long & The Short & The Tall. 'Should run for ever.' S. Graph. Transfers to New Theatre 8 April.

TH. Royal, EIS. MAR. 5973. 8. St. 5 & 8. 'Fings Ain't Wot They Used t'Be'.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. St. Sn. Closed Gd Fri., 7.45. God Bless the Guv'nor. Mems.

CONCERTS

SUNDAY, 29 March, Royal Festival Hall at 7.30. Overture Coriolan-Beethoven; Piano Concerto No. 1 – Brahms, soloist Julius Katchen; Daphnis & Chloé (complete) – Ravel. Section of Covent Garden Opera Chorus and London Symphony Orchestra, cond. by Pierre Monteux. 5s.-21s. WAT. 3191.

BACH. Easter Oratorio, Concerto for 2 Violins, and Ascension Oratorio. Royal Festival Hall, Wed. 1 April at 8. Heather Harper, Janet Baker, Lloyd Strauss-Smith, John Noble. Hugh Maguire, Neville Marriner, Ambrosian Singers, section of London Symphony Orchestra, cond. Walter Goehr. 6s.-15s. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

ARRIAGA String Quartet. Works by: Haydn, Tippett, Beethoven. Leighton House, Saturday 4 April 8.0. Tickets 3s. 6d.

NOYE'S Fludde, by Benjamin Britten. All Saints' Church, East Finchley, N2. With Norman Lumsden. 24 & 25 April. Tickets: Preston Travel. TUD. 0131.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns & Tu. 31 March). 'The Bolshoi Ballet' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 29 March: Bergman's 'The Seventh Seal' (X). From 30 March: Everyman Resurrection Series 2: Huston's 'The African Queen' (U) with Bogart and Hepburn.

ROXY (BAY. 2345) W/c 29 Mar. Doris Day, 'Lucky Me' (A), Robert Taylor, Eleanor Parker, 'Many Rivers to Cross' (U).

EXHIBITIONS

TREASURES OF CAMBRIDGE

Unique collection of paintings, silver, MSS, sculpture, etc.
GOLDSMITH'S HALL
Foster Lane, Cheapside, EC2.
Daily 10.30 a.m.-6.30 p.m. (Not Sundays).
Admission 2s. 6d.

GANYMED Reproductions of paintings from public and private collections. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. from 11 Great Turnstile, London, WC1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: East End Academy 1959. Last day 26 March. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admn free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

GEFFRYE Museum, E2. Paintings by Philip Sutton; 12 March to 8 April. (253.)

WADDINGTON Galleries. Bryan Wynter: recent paintings. 2 Cork Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Leonelli. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until 4 April. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Man Ray: Retrospective including paintings, photographs, objects, drawings, souvenirs. 3-25 Apr. Weekdays 10-6, Sats 10-1. Adm. 1s. Members free.

PARKWAY Gallery, 58 Parkway, NW1. Mixed Show. Elizabeth Barbara Hepworth, Glyn Morgan, Henry Sanders, Marylin Wailes, Harry Gordon. From 31 Mar.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, Bond Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. Endre Boszin. Paintings. 23 March-4 April. 10-6. Sats. 10-1. Open Easter hols.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. Enrico Baj: Interplanetary paintings.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St, W1. Christopher Wood. The First Retrospective Exhibition since 1938. Hrs 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Opening 1 April. Closing 8 May.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Edgard Pillet, till 11 April. 10 a.m.-6 p.m. exc. Sun.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Paintings by Bardone. First London Exhibition. Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

PAINTINGS: Conroy Maddox – at The High Hill Bookshop, 11 Hampstead High St, NW3. Dly. (ex. Thurs), 9.30-6.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

BRITISH-ASIAN AND OVERSEAS SOCIALIST FELLOWSHIP
Special Delegate Conference. Saturday, 4 April 2.30 p.m. at Caxton Hall, Westminster, SW1 on CENTRAL AFRICA. Speakers: Eirene White, MP, Joshua Nkoma (Chairman, Southern Rhodesian African National Congress), John Stonehouse, MP. All Labour Parties, Co-op. Parties and TU branches and individual members.

DANILO Dolci – Sicily's 'Gandhi'. Public meeting Caxton Hall, Friday 3 April, 7.30. Tom Driberg, Riccardo Aragno, Gavin Maxwell. Chair.: Prof. Waller. Adm. free.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Art Films. 1. Man Ray, presented by Man Ray. Fri. 3 April, 7 p.m. Mems 2s., guests 3s. 6d.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed. 1 April, 'How to deal with Unemployment', Miss Alice Bacon, MP, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. 7.30 p.m. Vis. 2s. 6d.

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Society – J. F. Horrabin: 'Africa Emergent'. At 37 Broadhurst Gdns, Tues. 31 March at 7.15.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Holland Street, W8. 4 April at 6 p.m. Italian film: 'Le Notti di Cabiria'.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 3 April, 8 p.m. Mrs Mauricle Hussey, 'Russia, Siberia, China – My 1958 Journey'. (Illus. with slides.)

FILM & TV, including live broadcasts: 'The Visual Persuaders', National Film Theatre, 3 May-10 May. Full programme from John Morley, Joint Council for Education Through Art, 1 Cambalt Road, SW15.

RAMAKRISHNA Anniversary: Tues., 7 April, 7.30, Caxton Hall, SW1. Chairman: Dr Arnold Toynbee, CH: 'Sri Ramakrishna & the Indian Contribution to World Harmony'. Speaker: Swami Ghanananda: 'The Significance of Sri Ramakrishna's Life & Message'. Vedanta magazine 2s. 6d.

'AN Easeful Dying': Dr Leonard Colebrook, 7 p.m. Thurs. 2 April, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Euthanasia Society Annual Conference.

W. Q. JUDGE: Public Lectures on his Writings. Sun 29 March, 8 p.m. 'On the Theosophical Adepts'. ULT, 52 Queen's Gardens, W2. (PAD. 0688.)

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun. 29 March, 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham: 'The Third Day'.

IWC, London Branch. Fri. 3 Apr., 8.30 p.m. Free. Mr G. C. McInnes, MA, 'Canadian Art' (Illus). 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

ARCHITECTURAL Association School of Architecture. Selection Board examination for admission to years other than the first, in September 1959, will be held on 4 May. Last date for applications: 1 April. Full particulars and application forms from: Principal, 36 Bedford Square, WC1.

DAVIES'S Training Course (evening) for prospective Teachers of English to Foreigners, 13 April to 8 June. Particulars from Davies's, 54 Hyde Park Gate, SW7. (KNIghtsbridge 6833.)

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

ST James' Academy, 283 Oxford St, W1. HYDe Park 6524 – Intensive Secretarial Course starts 6 April – small groups – remarkable results. Also attrac. Language Courses & Engl. for Continentals. Hampstead residence.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W1. PARk 8392.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

BYAM Shaw School of Drawing and Painting – Five annual Entrance Scholarships available in May for men and women who wish to train as professional artists: all awards are tenable for four years. Write for details to Sec., Byam Shaw School, Campden St, London, W8, before the end of March.

PASS Your Exam! – that's what you can do – easily; with a wonderful course revealing the correct psychological approach to studies and exam. room; and with the remarkable book 'The Exam Secret', full of invaluable information every student must have. For details: Dennis Jackson, BA, 6 Rosslyn Road, Manchester 16.

PAINTING as a Pastime. Mary Law, exhibitor at RA and Paris Salon. Classes small. Beginners welcome. Tel. WIL. 6025.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd., London, W.11.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

FRANCIS Williams speaks on 'Politics and the Press', Fabian Easter School – starts Thurs. evening. Phone WHI. 3077 for details.

EASTER Drama School starting 5 April, London. Others at Leatherhead Repertory Theatre and Chanticleer Theatre, London, starting 5 July, 26 July, 2 Aug., 9 Aug., 17 Aug. (eve). £8 8s. and £5 5s. Professional stage staff. Syllabus from Director, Marion Naylor, 6 The Keir, Westside, Wimbledon Common, S.W.19. WIM. 2161.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 11 May to 11 Sept. 1959. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

PRAGUE MUSIC FESTIVAL

12 May to 3 June. This is your opportunity to visit the beautiful & historic Czech capital and to enjoy concerts and opera given by foremost artistes in Europe. We offer a 10-day holiday in Prague with travel by scheduled airlines for 46 gns. only (the air ticket alone would normally cost this!) Seats for the performances may be reserved at from 3s. to 15s. Send for Festival Programme and our holiday book No. 3 free.
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YOUTH Holidays in the USSR August/September; Moscow/Leningrad 10 days £65 approx.* Moscow/Caucasus 16 days £77 approx.* Moscow/Crimea 16 days £79 approx.* *Includes 10 roubles a day pocket money. Summer Youth Camp in Czechoslovakia, August-September. 10 days in beautiful Bohemia & 4 days in Prague. Swimming – Boating – Outings – Films. Cost £37 10s. For further information please send s.a.e. to: BYFC Tour, 351, Goswell Road, London, EC1.

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INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage available to Bombay, £53 10s, Colombo, £56 10s. Singapore, £81 10s. Sydney via Panama £150. Indian National Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, Lon, WC1. HOL. 1193.

ITALIAN Lakes Priv. Pty Hol. 10-25 July. Trickey, 1 Buckingham Vale, Bristol 8.

P.S. 'The Magic Flute', 'Orpheus and Eurydice', 'Così fan Tutte' – for these and many other Operas and Concerts I have tickets already reserved for members of my parties to the Music Festivals in Salzburg, Aix-en-Provence, Lucerne, Munich, Vienna, Passau, Verona and Rome. Apply for illustrated programme to Harold Ingham, Ltd, 15 St John's Road, Harrow. HARrow 1040.

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DON'T miss March 'Envoy', Indo-British journal. Victor Anant on 'Dr Zhivago', and contributions from George Edinger, Harold Elvin, Dr Sudhin Ghose, Anna Pollak, P. S. Rawson. Price 1s. from newsagents. If you can't get it write to us at 31a John Adam St, WC2 (TRAfalgar 5759).

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